THE HISTORY OF THE Perſecutions OF THE PROTESTANTS BY THE French King, IN THE Principality of *ORANGE*,

From the Year 1660. to the Year 1687.

Written by Monſieur *Pineton* Paſtor of the Church of *Orange*, and Profeſſor of Divinity, and Chaplain to his Highneſs the Prince of *Orange*.

With a particular Account of the Author's Fall through the Violence of the Perſecution.

Licenſed, *Jan.* 25th 1689. *Rob. Midgley.*

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THE HISTORY OF THE Perſecutions, &c.

THE Encroachments of the King of *France* upon the *Principality of Orange*, were the Fore-runners of the Perſecution of the *Proteſtants* there: In the year 1660, that King making himſelf Maſter of that *Principality*, demoliſhed thoſe ſtately Fortifications which were raiſed by Prince *Maurice* of glorious Memory, as the Monuments of his ſtrength and power. For five years the State continued thus in the hands of Strangers; and God knows great were the Churches Troubles in that *Interregnum*. The *Romaniſts*, who till now, had kept themſelves within the bounds of Moderation, began now to lift up the *Standard of Diviſion*, and eſtabliſht a *Fraternity*, without the conſent or permiſſion of their lawful Prince, and within a little time grew very powerful by the Money which they drew from all parts, that ſo they might more eaſily oppreſs the Reformed: They employ'd their Money for the purchaſing of Converts, which was intended by thoſe who furniſht 'em with it. Theſe *falſe Zealots* uſed their utmoſt skill to corrupt the Childrens Obedience they owed to their Parents; and they ſet up a Houſe at *Avignon* for the Entertainment of 'em: And if they could not be won by favours, and milder courſes, they ſerved themſelves with the Authority of the Officers, to take them by force.

I may give you ſome taſte of the beginning of our Evils, by the following Account: A Child of nine years old, whoſe name was *Louis Villeneve*, was accuſed as guilty of ſome Irreverence in the Chappel that they made in the Caſtle: The poor Child was clapt up in a cloſe Priſon, where it ſpent the night in continual Cries and Lamentations to

its Father and Mother, for their help. The *Sunday* following, the Child was brought in open veiw, at the usual time when the *Protestants* went to the Temple; and being tied neck and heels together, and whipt by the common Hangman, which he did with tears and reluctance, being forc'd to it by the Souldiers of the Garison, who were about him; and the Drums beating at the four parts of the Town.

The Edict about the *Relapst*, was publisht at the same time in *France*. The Governour of the Castle sent four Guards to bring me to the Castle, thinking to fright me with this *Pageantry* of War; when I drew near him, he told me, the King intended this Edict should extend to the *Principality*: Whereupon I answer'd him, The Edict mention'd onely the King's Subjects; that he could not look upon these of the *Principality* as such, since they lived under the Edicts of another Prince, and so could acknowledge any other Laws but his. At this Answer he flew out in a Rage, and fell a threatning of me; and being me resolved steadily to maintain it, he turn'd from me on a sudden, *You shall quickly see* (says he) *who 'tis you speak to.* I was not concerned at his Threatnings, but the more danger they carried, so much the more firm was I to my resolution: In effect, a few days after the *Papists*, upon their *Fandon*, not contenting themselves with their allowed Customs, but indeavouring to Innovate, by hanging their Tapestry up, and carrying it farther then the bounds that were prescribed by the Edicts of our Princes: I opposed 'em so, till they were forc'd to return, notwithstanding they came backt with the Authority of the Governour and his Garison.

We now began to be forc't to continual Disputes, to maintain the Priviledges of our Church; 'twas hardly any longer that we could find Justice with the Magistrates, tho' they exercised their power in the Prince's Name and Authority; for either through particular Obligations, or through base Courtship to the Governour, they were not toucht by the Churches Calamities; and instead of opposing this tide of Oppression which broke in upon us, they suffer'd us to be run down by their *Compliances*, or the *Intregues* of State.

Before the Citadel was demolisht, the *Romanists* carried themselves very quietly all the time of the *Advent*, the *Lent*, and *Octaves*; and the Priests did not in their Sermons animate the people against the Reformed, neither did they provoke us to Disputes: And if it happen'd at any time that the Priests spoke too freely against us, the *Romanists* themselves used to tell 'em, that this was not the Custom at *Orange*, and that therefore they should use Moderation. This Gentleness held till a foreign Power got ground, and then they quickly alter'd their Maxims. And whereas before we saw very seldom any *Jesuites*

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at *Orange*, they were now ſaught after in great Zeal, to ſupply the Pulpits: theſe Gentlemen at their firſt coming (according to their politick Conduct) gain'd upon the people, by a free Converſation, and by the outward ſhew of promoting Peace and Agreement with each other. But before the *Advent* was half over, they could no longer conceal their natural Temper, and talkt of nothing but of Hereſie and Damnation, and challeng'd all to the Controverſie. This task lay upon me, which for two and twenty years I diſcharged by God's aſſiſtance, with ſome advantage to his Truth, and the confuſion of Errour.

Had they made uſe of no other Weapons in their Warfare, then Arguments to maintain the Diſpute, it might then have ended with Joy to me; the Conteſt would have been determin'd without loſs, to me, or damage to my Church; nay, rather it might have reapt glory from the occaſion. But the *Jeſuites* found that this would not do their Work, and therefore they betook themſelves to other courſes, whereby they might gain thoſe, whom they moved not by their Controverſie. Hence their Hatred againſt us was every day working, either by falſe Witneſſes, by Lying or Cheats; and from this their Deſign, the Perſecution, was modelled, that we have ſince ſeen in *France*, from the year 1660; and they ſeem'd to be learning the Trade of Cruelty againſt us, that they might be Maſters at it, when they were to exerciſe it upon others.

It ſhall be ſufficient for me to give you two inſtances, wherein they gave great trouble to our Church: Upon the Birth of Mr. *le Dauphin* there was Joy all over *France*, and 'twas a Cuſtom among us of the *Principality*, likewiſe to obſerve that Day, which we uſed to do with more Show and Acclamations than the *French* themſelves; to teſtifie our Affection to the King, at the end of *November* 1661, 'twas concluded upon, that Bonfires ſhould be made, and that all the Prince's Subjects of either Religion, ſhould rejoyce for the Birth of the *Dauphin*. The Reformed ſeem'd moſt affected for the Day, and readieſt to perform thoſe accuſtom'd Solemnities; however, the Joy they expreſt upon this Feaſt, contributed to their Misfortune, for many were accuſed of ſpeaking ill of the King; and the next day nothing was heard of but Crimes and Accuſations, without mentioning the perſons whom they accus'd. They were ſo well inſtructed by their Malice, that I was brought in to the Accuſation; and 'twas whiſpered about, that I went to Mr. *Armand*, a Merchant, and to other Citizens, to perſwade 'em not to encourage the Rejoycings; or at leaſt, to vent ſome diſ-reſpectful Diſcourſes, which they charg'd 'em with: Upon this they immediately clapt up Mr. *Armand* into a Dungeon, and in Chains, and the reſt made

their escape by flight. I cannot here but reflect upon the furious Zeal the *Romanists* are inspired with, when they fixt an Accusation upon myself, who that morning in the Pulpit gave all the testimonies of my Zeal for the Prosperity of the King, for long Life to the *Dauphin*; however I was not much concern'd at the report, seeing I found no man durst openly accuse me. I was not the only man in this matter; the Malice of our Persecutors, who were mightily influenc'd by a Woman of ill Reputation, Madam *Redonnet*, gave great fears to others too of being brought into the same Misfortune. They suborn'd false Witnesses. Mr. *Itier*, and *Roussas* were condemn'd to the Gallies; the latter died either through the slavery of it, or from the anguish of his mind, and Mr. *Itier* had his liberty, by the great application of the late Mr. *Zuilychem*, who was sent Envoy to the *French* Court, from the Governours of the Prince, to demand Restitution of the *Principality*. This excellent person did so manifestly convince Mr. *de Brienne, Councellor, and Secretary of State*, that as to the matters whereof we were accused, 'twas all a Cheat, and a malicious Design; so that both the accused, and he that was condemn'd to the Gallies, were acquitted; which will be a lasting *Reflection* upon the ill Designs of our Persecutors against us.

The second instance I shall give, carried with it equal Malice, but was of much worse consequence, 'twas this: Upon a *Sunday* when the *Carmelites* gave the Blessing, over against the Church-door, the late Mr. *de Bedarrides*, an eminent Councellour, had a Chamber whose Windows lookt towards the Church, where it happen'd a great many were, and the Church was so crowded that many were forc'd to stay at the Door, among whom there were several of the Acquaintance of those who were in the Chamber at a Collation; there being one in the Room who held out a Glass of Wine to a Friend of his, to invite him to drink, the people presently cried out, *Sacriledge, Impiety*; and laid their Accusation against those in the Room: they charg'd 'em with counterfeiting the Priest, and doing Mockery to their Mysteries, and demanded Justice of the Parliament: This did not satisfie 'em, but they wrote of it to the Court, and had got such credit to the Report, that the late Mr. *de Besons*, Intendant of the Province of *Languedock*, was commanded to go to *Orange*, to enquire into the truth of the matter, and to send an Account of it. Those who were the accused, were frighted at what happened, and retired from the State, nor durst ever return till by the Protection of their lawful Prince. Mr. *Besons*, according to his Commission, came to the place; went both to the Altar of the Church, and to the Room where the Accused were, to see if the Altar and the Room lookt to each other, so that persons might see each other from

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the Chamber to the Altar; but found, when he ſaw the places, that neither could ſee each other, and that therefore that Charge of Imitating the Prieſts, or Mocking their Ceremonies, could not be intended; but was rather the forc'd Interpretation of their Malice and ill Will: However, tho' Mr. *Beſons* was ſatisfied in the matter, and was a man of good Reputation, yet he ſeem'd not inclin'd to do the Reformed any ſervice in it; but left 'um under an apprehenſion that ſome farther trouble would be brought upon 'um; yet 'tis probable, he repreſented to the Court the Innocence of the Accuſed, ſince nothing more follow'd but the Decree of the Parliament of *Orange*, which condemn'd 'em to Fines and Baniſhment. One cannot queſtion the ill Deſigns of theſe falſe Accuſers, when I ſhall tell you, that a year after this, making a Viſit to Mr. *Beſons*, who was going by *Orange*, the *Carmelites* came to him at the ſame time, but not having confidence to ſpeak of the matter while I was with him; Mr. *Beſons* coming out with me when I took my leave, ſtopt me of a ſudden, and addreſſing himſelf to the *Carmelites*, *What do you deſire Fathers?* (ſays he) *Mr.* de Chambrun *is innocent.* The good Fathers made a long Speech to him, ſhewing him the great charge they had been at in the Suit, and yet the Parliament had not re-imburc'd 'em, which gave great diſorder to the *Fraternity.* Mr. *Beſons* took 'em up, interrupting 'em, *Ye have* (ſays he) *taken up a Cauſe without good grounds; ye have not done well to theſe poor People: I have been at the place, and found no reaſon for the Accuſation; if you have not wherewithal, you muſt ſell your* Chalices, *and be more cautious for the future.* Upon this the *Carmelites* were ſurpriz'd at Mr. *Beſons*'s anſwer, and the more, I being there while 'twas ſpoken. Mr. *Beſons* turning to me, (ſays he) *Have I not treated them well; theſe* Monks *are the moſt troubleſome of Mankind.*

After this, upon the *Principality's* being reſtored to the *Prince of Orange*, in the year 1665, we continued in a pretty good ſtate of Quietneſs till the year 1672, when the War broke out, and the King of *France*, by his Edict, ſeized again the *Principality* by Reprizal, and gave it to the Count *d'Auvergne:* During the time it was in this Count's hands, there were few things which Malice could invent, but were practiſed againſt us. The Country-men who labour'd to demoliſh the Caſtle, thought good, before they went away, to ſet up two large Croſſes of Wood, which had been made uſe of to other purpoſes about the Magazeen, in the Caſtle; they placed one of the Croſſes upon the *Red Baſtion*, looking towards the *Eaſt*; and the other they placed upon the *Baſtion du Rhône*, which faced the *Weſt*. Theſe gave *Offence*, and occaſion'd us much trouble.

A little while after, these two Crosses were pull'd down; and they charg'd some men of considerable note with this pretended *Sacriledge*; but by good providence the design was found out, for 'twas clearly proved upon the *Curé*, Father *Omagi*, a man of very ill Life, and Ignorant, and of more than ordinary Malice to the Reformed; who had suborn'd some young men, to accuse these persons of Quality with it: However, this hindred not, but that this *Priest* pusht the matter on farther; he procur'd Mr. *Aimard* (an Advocate in the Parliament) to draw up a *Petition* to the King, suggesting many Falshoods, which were purposely designed to render us obnoxious; and to put a stop to the collecting of Money for the Preachers, which was for the Maintenance of the Pastors, and of the Professors and Governours of the Colledge. I had a sight of the *Petition*; and a Friend of mine has still a Copy of it, which possibly I may publish to the World, to give an instance of the Character of those Eccleſiasticks. But, however, the *Petition* was not answer'd; they had other matters in hand, and this lay by till a more favourable opportunity. This satisfied not the *Priest*, he presented another *Petition* to Mr. *le Count d'Auvergne*, who enjoy'd the *Principality* by Reprizal, designing that St. *Martin's* Church might be restored to the *Papists*, which my People possest by vertue of the Edicts of our Princes. But the Count *d'Auvergne* was wise and cautious, and would not innovate, after he had seen our Princes Edicts, which I sent him by his Intendant.

I did not so little understand how matters were carried, at *Orange*, but that I clearly saw this *Priest* was not the chief Agent: There was Mr. *Jean Jacques d'Obeille Abbot*, and Count *de Montfort*, who was now come to fill up the *Bishoprick*; he so well insinuated himself into the Peoples affections, by shewing himself disposed for peace, that they thought themselves happy in him, as the circumstances of the times then were; and that there was now a Bishop at *Orange* who lov'd not Strife and Contention. For my own part, I was not won to the opinion by those appearances; quickly discovering that the *Priest* was but the *Bishop's* Instrument, to bring his Mischief about; and the event gave reputation to my conjecture: for the Bishop being a person of good Wit, he foresaw that the Peace was like to be concluded, and therefore he would not appear against the Reformed, least when his Highness the *Prince* was restored to his Rights, he might repent of his acting against the Edicts of the *Prince*.

In short, the Peace of *Nimeguen* being concluded, the *Principality* was restored to its lawful Soveraign, according to one of the expres Articles of the Peace. There was upon this great Joy at *Orange*, in hopes that they might now have a Calm: but the Spirit of *Popery*, that

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is ever wreſtleſs, loves not *the ſoft and ſtill Wind, which God is ſaid to be in*; but quickly brought great Difficulties upon my Church. The day which was ſolemniz'd for the concluſion of the Peace, afforded no great Joy to the *Papiſts*: The Biſhop was the firſt that was obſerved to be concern'd. The Citizens of both Religions went in Crowds to his Palace, where the Muſqueteers did him the honour of giving him a Volley of Shot: he took it ill of 'em, and lookt upon it, as if they did it to affront him. 'Twas there poſſibly, that 'twas contriv'd that the two Croſſes ſhould be pull'd down, and the Reformed accuſed of it. The Citizens had continued three whole days in Arms, *viz. Sunday*, *Munday* and *Tueſday*, and they were ſo wearied in their Attendance, that they all fell aſleep, which gave an opportunity to ſome to contrive miſchief againſt 'em: For there was an *Hermite* who had boaſted, that this their Joy would have no long continuance: Upon *Tueſday* or *Wedneſday* night, he took two Rogues with him to pull down the two Croſſes. 'Tis ſtrange what Veneration the *Papiſts* have for Croſſes; and yet that they ſhould ſo prophane 'um, when 'tis to do 'em ſervice againſt the Reformed. But there is nothing ſacred or holy with them, but which they will abuſe to ſerve their wicked Deſigns; Prophanation, Sacriledge, *&c.* are eſteem'd nothing, if by that means they may deſtroy thoſe who paſs, with them for Hereticks. We need not go farther for a proof then the Relation before us: The Biſhop, who well knew what had been done, went full of rage to the two Baſtions where the Croſſes had been ſet up, that he might ſay, that he himſelf had ſeen it: and came down in great paſſion, promiſing that he would revenge it. He wrote to the Court of *France*, heightning the Crime, as if their whole Religion was in danger. However 'twas obſerv'd, that thoſe Croſſes were ſet up by the Workmen only, without the Conſent of publick Authority; and that they had never been Bleſt; ſo that they might well be lookt upon as things indifferent. But this hinder'd not but that it paſt for the higheſt Act of Sacriledge that had ever been done. There were a great many Informations brought in; and whereas the Parliament might eaſily have made ſuch an Inquiry as to have diſcover'd the perſons, they paſt it over as if they were affraid to find out the Agents; and contented themſelves to put out a Decree for the Baniſhment of *John Poudrier*; tho' they had no manner of Evidence againſt him: But *Tevenon*, a *Papiſt*, who had aſſiſted the *Hermite*, and upon whom the Irons were found, which kept up the Arms of the Croſſes, and who alſo fled upon the Citation, him they let alone without purſuing him farther.

This Decree ſatisfied not the Biſhop, who never left writing to the Court, till ſuch time as Mr. *de Rouillet* ſent him word, That he had received order from the Court, to come with his Troops to chaſtiſe 'em

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for their Offence. A few Weeks after the Intendant's Secretary came with order, to have the Croſſes put up again, and to ſet up another in the Market-place; and in caſe they refus'd to obey, that there ſhould come a Regiment of Dragoons, who were in *Provence*, to execute the the pleaſure of the Court. They would alſo have had the Magiſtrates among the Reformed, to have been preſent at the Ceremony in their Hoods and Habits; which I endeavour'd all I could to prevent; telling 'em, that 'twas better to ſuffer any Misfortune, then baſely to aſſiſt at their Ceremony. But all that I could do, neither my Prayers nor my Tears could diſſwade 'em: their Cowardiſe carried 'em from their Duty; and their Fearfulneſs made 'em tell me, That I ſhould be the Ruine of the Town. Mr. *de Riomall*, who was then at *Orange* in Quality of *Envoy* for his Highneſs the *Prince*, oppoſed it as far as poſſible; but not having power to prevent it, he went out of the Town, reſolving not to be preſent at the ſetting up of the Croſſes. They forgot nothing that might make the Ceremony pompous; they ſent for Muſick from *Avignon*; all the Dioceſs came in; and many came in Proceſſion from far off, to ſolemnize this Day; the Town was fill'd with the Religious of all ſorts; and all the Company went up to the place where once the Caſtle ſtood, to ſee the Biſhop Bleſs the Croſs, who was in all his pontifical Robes; they came down by the way which ſhooted down to my Houſe, where the Muſick ſtood, playing for ſome time; and the Biſhop, being near the Secretary, (ſays he, in Rallery) *Mr.* Chambrun *will have no reaſon to complain, being ſo well treated.* From thence they went to the Market-place, where they ſet up a new Croſs with the ſame Ceremonies.

But all this was but as Lightning that did forerun thoſe cruel Thunder Claps which did break afterwards upon this *Principality*: notwithſtanding the Peace of *Nimeguen*, the King of *France* acted againſt them, as if he had been in actual War againſt them; he diſmantled the City of *Orange*, ſent his Dragoons into it in 1682, who did miſerably haraſs the poor people there. The Intendant of *Provence* cauſed ſeven or eight men to be ſeized there, under pretence of being Relapſt: They ſeized of the *Prince's* natural Subjects, who had all along profeſt the Reformed Religion; they committed them to Priſons that belong'd to the Parliament of *Aix*; where, after they had endured great Cruelties, and hard Uſage, ſome of 'em chang'd to obtain their Liberty; others who continued firm, were condemn'd to Fines and Penalties, and immediately to quit the Kingdom upon pain of Death. This ſort of Cruelty began to ſtartle our people; when no man could look upon himſelf ſafe, tho' in his own Houſe; they expected daily to find the Officer at their Doors; and were not delivered of their Fears, till they heard

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that Mr. *Heinſius* was to go in the Quality of Envoy Extraordinary from L. H. P. to the Court of *France*, who had very much reſented the pulling down of the Walls. But every one knows the ſucceſs he had; for they maintained, that they had right to do what they did: And tho' Mr. *Heinſius* proved it clearly to the Marqueſs *de Croiſſi*, that they had infring'd upon the Peace of *Nimeguen*, by pulling down the Walls; and that the *Principality of Orange* was independent upon *France*: yet he was forc'd to go back without Reparation for the Injury they had done.

And tho' the *Roman Catholicks* ought to regard this pulling down of the Walls, as a common Evil, which they were as much concern'd in, as we of the Reformed, yet they made this the Subject of their Joy, and began to create us more trouble then before: The *Prieſt* whom we have before given a Character of, brought in another Fraternity of Religious, which we had never before ſeen in *Orange*. The *Prince's* Officers who perceived this Innovation would have very ill Effects, oppos'd their Eſtabliſhment here: But the Biſhop who had put the *Prieſt* upon it, took his part, and wrote to the Court of *France*, of the oppoſition which the *Prince's* Advocate, and Proctor General, had made againſt the Eſtabliſhment of this Fraternity. We know not exactly what Anſwer this had; but 'tis very probable, they incourag'd 'em to go on; otherwiſe they had never dar'd to have rais'd ſuch a Tumult as they did in *June* in the ſame year, upon the *Sunday* after their *Fete-Dieu*: For upon that day there had like to have happen'd a terrible Slaughter in *Orange*; this was the occaſion of the Tumult: This Religious Order went in Proceſſion about ſix a Clock i'th' evening; thoſe who were the firſt that went out of the Cathedral-Church, furniſht themſelves with Clubs, and other ſorts of Weapons, which they kept under their Robes, to fall upon the *Proteſtants* whenever they met any. As they went they lookt on all ſides to ſee if they could find any. But our Conſiſtory had given particular Order to the People, exhorting them at the Morning-Exerciſe, to keep at their own Houſes, ſo as to give no occaſion to theſe tumultuous People to offer any Violence. Our People behaved themſelves very cautiouſly upon this occaſion: but the Religious, who chiefly deſign'd ill under pretence of Religion, bethought themſelves of flinging Stones into the *Proteſtants* Houſes, and upon 'em. The *Hermite*, whom I have before ſpoken of, with a little crooked Fellow call'd *Delaire*, were the forward'ſt to commit this Violence; and tho' our People were extreamly provok'd, yet they ſuffer'd all with great patience: So that theſe tumultuous People finding no occaſion to execute their wicked Deſign, there coming ſome Harveſt-men from *Dauphine*, who were a great way off of 'em, they

quitted their Order in the Proceſſion, and fell upon 'em with the greateſt violence, knocking 'em down with their Clubs; they on the other ſide cried they were *Catholicks*, (as indeed they were;) but all this appeaſed 'em not; they drag'd 'em along the Streets, tore their Cloaths, and had it not been for ſome of the more moderate of the *Papiſts*, they had run them through with their Swords, which they had under the Robe. This Tumult ſtopt the march of the Proceſſion. The Biſhop was in the Church, juſt following the Hoſt; he knew nothing of the occaſion of the Diſorder, and they who were next to him, told him, the *Proteſtants* had made an attempt upon the Religious; and that they were hard by, and adviſed him to eſcape, and ſave himſelf in his Palace. The Prelate took heels, and run croſs the Church in great haſte to get to his Houſe; but as he was going, ſome honeſt Gentlemen met him, and told him the truth of the matter, and ſo he came back again. Now, whilſt this Ceremony was in the Church, the *Hermite*, with ſome few of the Religious, broke off from the Proceſſion, and running about the Streets, cry'd out, that the Biſhop was kill'd, and the Hoſt was ſeiz'd: and this Cry thoſe very men made, who were not above thirty Yards from the Biſhop: So that all the Papiſts of the Town, eſpecially thoſe of the meaner Rank, run to their Houſes, arming themſelves with Forks, or Spits, or Hatchets, and what came next to their hands, reſolving to fall upon the Reformed: And they were ſo tranſported with this Alarm, that they would not hearken to any reaſon; they were told that 'twas a falſe Report, and that the Biſhop was not dead; but they would not give credit to it: So that had it not been for the Courage and Mediation of ſome of the Gentlemen among the Reformed, who went to the Rabble to compoſe 'em, *Orange* in a little time might have been ſeen without Inhabitants; for the Reformed, ſeeing the *Papiſts* betaking themſelves to their Arms for a Maſſacre, they alſo arm'd themſelves. I was in my Houſe alone, whilſt all this noiſe was; and there came in a good Woman to tell me, with Tears, *Ah, Monſieur,* (ſaid ſhe) *are you here alone; they are devouring your Flock, and you'll be preſently ſacrificed to the Fury of the Religious.* I then heard a great cry in the Street; I beſought the good Woman to call one of my Servants; ſhe told me, there was none in the way. There then came in one of my Neighbours, pale and languiſhing, who told me, that all our People were running to the place, to relieve our Brethren whom they were maſſacring. I deſired him that he would endeavour to ſtop 'em, and to tell 'em from me, that I would ſpeak with 'em; there came to me ſome of 'em, whom I conſtrain'd to go after the reſt to prevent their going to the Tumult. A little after they came all of 'em to me, and taking my advice, retired to their Houſes.

Mr.

Mr. *de Bergairolles*, who is now at the *Hague*, was very active in calming ſome the moſt violent of their Men: and by this means the Tumult was appeas'd, and thoſe of the Seditious Party, were diſappointed of their Deſign. I draw'd up a Relation of all that paſt, and ſent it to the late Mr. *de Zuilichem*, who ſignified to me in his Anſwer, that God had miraculou ſly deliver'd us; and that he pray'd heartily we might never ſee ſuch another *Sunday*. The day after, the Parliament intending to proceed againſt the Authors of this Uproar, at the requeſt of the Proctor-General, and the Advocate; the Biſhop did all he could to oppoſe it with mighty Threatnings; this gave great apprehenſions to the Reformed: We ſaw that the *French* Court gave credit to all that the Biſhop wrote, and he had others that ſtood by him; and that there needed nothing but the pretence of Religion, to give authority to all they undertook. The Parliament thought it not proper to puſh the Information farther: but his Highneſs the *Prince of Orange* being inform'd of this Attempt, and that it had like to have coſt him the Lives of the beſt Subjects he had, gave out a Declaration, by the which he diſſolv'd this Fraternity, and charg'd the Magiſtrates, that they ſhould take care that they appeared not publickly.

I have already ſpoke of the Prieſts preſenting a Requeſt, to have a ſtop put to the Collection which was for the Maintenance of the Paſtors, the Profeſſors and Governors of the Colledge, which was not anſwer'd. The time being now more favourable for the Papiſts, they preſented it a ſecond time, in the Year 1683. 'Twas now anſwer'd with a Decree of the Council, by which the Treaſurer was prohibited to raiſe that Money, upon pain of Diſobedience, with an injunction upon Mr. *Grignan, the Lieutenant General of Provence*, to help forward the Execution of the Decree. 'Twas a great blow to the Reformed Churches of the Principality, who had now no way to get ſubſiſtence for the Paſtors, or Profeſſors and Governours of the Colledge. But his Highneſs the Prince being acquainted with it, he provided for them according to his uſual Charity. The Misfortunes which befel us came blow after blow, as the Lightning is follow'd by Thunder, which at laſt deſtroys all; ſo that we might ſay, with St. *John* in the *Revelations*, *The ſecond Woe is paſt, and behold the third Woe cometh quickly*. In the Year following we ſaw another Decree of the Council in *July*, and which we were advertized of in *Auguſt* following; and this was the pretence of it. There was a Youth, called *Dumas*, a Notary, who during the ſpace of two years, had been much converſant in reading of the Holy Scripture; he had took great pleaſure in it, and from a deſire

which he had to be farther instructed in it, he came on Nights to me to be resolved of difficulties, and to receive from me fresh Instructions. At last, being perswaded and convinc'd of the Truth, he came to the Consistory, desiring to be received in our Church, and shewed great Reason, in giving us an account of the Motives of his change. The Sunday following he made his Abjuration before the whole Assembly, who were much edified by his Discourse. This Young Man was of a Family who were extreamly bygotted to the Church of *Rome*'s Superstitions, whose Ancestors were recorded in our Annals, among those who had committed that horrible Massacre at *Orange*, the second of *February*, in the Year 71 of the last Age. He reckoned in his Pedigree, some of the Richest, and of the Chiefest Quality of the *Roman* Catholick Citizens of *Orange*. This Conversion of their Kinsman had enraged them extreamly; they went in a croud to the Bishop, and begg'd of him with Tears, to use all means imaginable to draw him off from this pretended Error. The Bishop could not find a more successful way then to raise us some trouble in the Court of *France*, supposing we had received a relapsed Subject of the *French* Kings. His Letter was quickly followed by a Decree, which I am now going to speak of; by which 'twas prohibited for the Ministers of *Orange*, or for the Elders, to receive in their Temples any Subject of the King of *France*'s that was a Relapse; or to endeavour the perverting of the Catholicks, to embrace Heresie, upon the pains mentioned in the Declarations, with an Injunction to the *Count de Grignan*, to help forward the Execution of the said Decree. This unheard-of way of proceeding, with regard to the Principality of *Orange*, afforded me many Reflections; the title of Heresie, which they had not put in any Declaration or Decree before, made me imagine they would no longer use any Moderation; and this regulating the Affairs of Religion in the Principality of *Orange*, perswaded me, that we had now nothing to hope for, but that very suddenly we should be more severely treated than the Natural Subjects.

The Year 1685 was such an *Epoche*, that future Ages shall look upon to be the most dreadful that hath happened. 'Twas in that Year that the Temples throughout *France* were pull'd down, and an universal dispersion of the People into all parts of the Earth. We indeed saw our Calamity hastning apace; but we never thought the Persecution would be so sharp, or that the Dragoons would have thrown away common Humanity. Posterity will hardly believe it true, and that which I write concerning my own Flock, will pass for Fable, if more Historians don't second me in the truth of my Relation.

'Twa

'Twas at *Easter* in the same Year, that we began to see the Distress of the Reformed Churches in *France*; those who in the Neighbouring Provinces had been forbid all publick Exercise of their Religion, came crowding to us for the sake of their Devotion: We that were the Ministers of *Orange*, endeavour'd to support 'em under their Calamities, and both in our Sermons, and more private Discourses, incourag'd them to a Stedfastness and Perseverance in the Faith. From that time they brought Children continually from all parts, to be Baptiz'd of us. 'Twas a sight which would move compassion, to see Fathers and Mothers bring their Infants fifteen or twenty Leagues to be Baptiz'd, some expiring in the Journey. At *Whitsontide* we had yet greater Multitudes resorted to *Orange*, than at *Easter*, for then they of *Languedock* also were forbid the Exercise of their Religion, together with *Cevennes*, *Vivarets*, *Dauphine*, and *Provence*.

'Twas at this time that we heard of the terrible Persecution at *Guienne*, and of the barbarous Usage of those at *Montauban*: Till then we had heard little of it, but we had now the News of it so often confirm'd, that we could not doubt of it. Storms drive not the Waves with more Fury, than this violent Persecution threw Troubles continually towards us, which at last swallow'd us up: We now saw that we were encompast on every side by the Dragoons; they were now in *Dauphine*, as well as in *Languedock*; and the ill News came attested by no less than ten or twelve thousand Souls who fled for Refuge in the *Principality of Orange*. 'Twas indeed a miserable Spectacle to see such numbers of poor People of all Ages and Conditions, where we might read Calamity in their faces, and their Discourses taken up with the story of those inhumane Cruelties they had felt in those Provinces. Women ready to be delivered, put to the fatigues of Travelling, Widows with their little Children following them; Old Men afflicted by their fears of the Dragoons more than by the inconveniences of Old Age; we saw nothing but Objects of Compassion about *Orange*, which gave us the afflicting sense of their Miseries, together with a lively Representation of the persecuted condition which was falling upon us. All this disposed us to receive them with a Brotherly Affection as became fellow-sufferers, and comforting them by those excellent Discourses which our Ministers suited to their Condition.

The retreat of these poor People to *Orange*, drew down upon us the Anger of the Governours who were at *Montelimard*: *Mr. de la Trousse*, *St. Ruth*, and *Tesse* cast out against us violent Threatnings;

nings; we heard daily of their Diſcourſes in their Houſes, and in the open Streets, that they would Plunder us, and pillage and burn us: And in this temper they wrote to the Court, and did aggravate every thing beyond the truth; and other ſtories they ſent, that were down-right falſhoods; they inform'd the Court, that there were ſixty Miniſters who fled thither, and who preach'd in the open Streets; that they ſpoke reproachfully of the King, and that in the Principality they would form a Rebellion. And though theſe Diſcourſes had little appearances of truth in them, yet the Council made an Advantage of them againſt us, and made uſe of them as a pretence for their evil uſage of us; though 'tis clear that theſe were not the Reaſons of their Cruelty, which, as it may in part be diſcovered by what I have already ſaid, ſo 'tis too well known to the World, to need a more particular Proof.

Upon the 11*th.* of *October* at Night we were all alarm'd; they told us, the Dragoons were hard by our doors, and on a ſudden there was nothing heard but Out-cries about the Town; all the Inhabitants, as well of one as the other Religion, began to pack up; every body was calling out for Carts and Horſes, to remove their Goods into the *Comtat*. As much incommoded as I was by my Indiſpoſition, I deſired ſeven or eight of our Citizens to get on Horſe-back, and diſcover where abouts the Dragoons were: They went with great haſt, and came back and told me, that they had not found one Man, ſo that I thought we had made a falſe Alarm. The worſt that befel us this Night, was the great diſtreſs of thoſe who took Sanctuary with us; for they were all upon the flight again, and run about where Providence directed them; ſome into the Woods, which were filled with theſe poor People, and to the *Montagne*, which is called the *Prince's*, a frightful Deſart, which in a moment was turned into a well-peopled place. They all now reſolved each Perſon to go to his own Habitation, or to get out of the Kingdom. That which occaſioned this Alarm, was a Letter which a Gentleman wrote me from *Paris*, by which he informed me, that I ought to look upon it as a thing certain, that it had been reſolved of in Council, to ſend the Dragoons to *Orange*, to ſeize of thoſe who had fled to us for Refuge, and to deal with us, as with the reſt of the Kingdom.

Whilſt we were under this Conſternation, our Parliament thought they could not do better, than to put out a Decree, which ſhould Command all Strangers within three days to go out

of

of the Principality: For as they made this a pretence that *Orange* received the King's rebellious Subjects; ſo by this Decree, we might take away all occaſion of their falling upon us. Before this Decree came out, we perſwaded thoſe few who were left among us to retreat, leſt by being found here, they might draw upon us the ſame misfortunes which they had felt: That to be plain with them, they could not hope for any ſecurity among us, conſidering what was preparing for us; and that therefore they had better contentedly to retire, than that we ſhould uſe forcible means to make them, which would be a ſenſible grief to us; And that we might not be wanting in any thing that might ſerve us, we appointed two Gentlemen to wait upon the *Duke de Nouailles*, and two more upon the Governours whom I have before ſpoken of, who were at *Montelimard*, to acquaint them with the Decree of Parliament which had been publiſh'd.

The Duke received them with great Civility, telling them, he would write to Court about it, and that in the mean time he could aſſure them they need not fear any thing, ſince the Parliament had proceeded in that manner. But thoſe who commanded at *Montelimar* took another Method. The Marquiſs *de la Trouſſe* continued his furious Language, and ſpoke of nothing to our Deputies but hanging the Miniſters, and Interdicting the whole Principality. 'Tis certain he knew the Court's mind, and 'twas upon that account that he ſpoke ſuch imperious and menacing Language. The Deputies were no ſooner returned, but we underſtood the *Count de Grignan* was come Poſt from Court, with Orders concerning *Orange*. He came by the way of *Taraſcon*, to take with him the Intendant of *Provence*, and two Companies of Dragoons of the Ord'nance for his Guard. With this Train he came to *Orange Octob.* 23. 1685. But before he made his Entry, he reſolv'd to ſhew himſelf a good Neighbour; for having made a halt at *Lieu de Bedarrides*, he ſent the Captain of his Guards to pray *Mr. de Beaufain* to aſſure the Inhabitants of *Orange* that he was not coming to do them any Injury. The Captain found the whole City alarm'd, and in a terrible fright, which could not be quieted by all the Speeches which *Mr. de Beaufain* took the pains to make from Street to Street. About Three in the Afternoon the Count arrived there with the Intendant; they took up their Quarters at the Biſhop's Palace, and the Dragoons were billited in the Publick Houſes, where they continued without committing any diſorders. After theſe Gentlemen had conferred a while with the Biſhop, the *Count de Grignan* ſent for the

the Officers of the Court of the Revenue, of whom the Preſident, *Mr. de Lubieres*, is the Chief. He told them, he was ſent thither by the King his Maſter, to ſignifie that his Majeſty deſired, that they would cauſe thoſe of his Subjects, who had fled into that Principality, to depart thence; that for the future, we ſhould not receive them into our Churches, nor multiply any more the exerciſes of our Religion, as we had done at the laſt Sacrament in *September*, upon which Conditions we need not apprehend the leaſt danger. To this *Mr. de Lubieres* anſwered, That as for Entertaining the Refugiees, the Parliament had already provided againſt it by their Decree, which he then preſented to him; that his Majeſty's Subjects were already retired thence, and that if any yet remained, their number was was very inconſiderable; that they would cauſe another Decree to be publiſh'd, purporting that thoſe who were yet left, ſhould depart the State in three days. Upon this, the Intendant took occaſion to tell the Count, theſe Gentlemen have acted very fairly, 'tis fit we ſhould do ſo too, and allow eight days time to the Refugiees to retire in. To the Point concerning the Exerciſes of our Religion 'twas anſwer'd, that our Church being now reduced to its former number, there would be no neceſſity of multiplying the uſe of them. This Conference paſs'd very amicably on both ſides, with all the ſigns of a very good Correſpondence. But here I muſt intreat the Reader to take notice, with what ſincerity we proceeded with them in this Affair. The *Count de Grignan* and the Intendant aſſure us, as from the Court, that if we perform what the King deſired, we need not fear any danger: The Prince's Officers promiſe to do ſo, and perform that Promiſe; but alas! how have they kept their Word to us? For there had not paſs'd twenty four hours, but it was violated in a moſt execrable manner, and ſuch as muſt needs ſtrike all my Readers with horror. However I muſt needs ſay for the *Count de Grignan*, that he acted like a Man of Honour; he ſpoke ſincerely, as being not privy to the Court-Intrigue, and he ſufficiently expreſs'd his diſſatisfaction for being made an Inſtrument to bring a Promiſe, which has been ſo ill obſerved.

This Conference of his Highneſs's Officers with thoſe of his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, cauſed an extream Joy in the Reform'd Inhabitants of the Principality. They mutually congratulated their Happineſs, as thinking the Aſſurances given them would have been made good; and gave Thanks to God, that it had pleaſed him (though they were no better than their Brethren) to divert the fury of that approaching Tempeſt. In

In this pleasing Imagination, that they would let us be quiet, we slept securely in our Beds; it seem'd that our past Inquietudes were as an easie Cradle to rock us asleep: But it was soon interrupted by the sad News which was brought me at Three a Clock in the Morning. For it happened that one of my Neighbours as he was going out of the City, was stopt and turned back by a *Corps de Gard* of Dragoons. He knock'd at my Door, which my Servants opened, and came into my Chamber all pale, and in a panick fear, telling me we were all undone, that above a Thousand Dragoons had begirt the City, not suffering any of the Inhabitants to go out; and indeed the *Count de Tesse* having received such Orders from Court, had commanded the Queen's Regiment of Dragoons, and *Du Plessis Believre*'s Regiment of Foot to repair instantly to *Paul trois Chateaux*, four Leagues from *Orange*; these Troops were no sooner come to their Rendezvous, but they were commanded to march at the beginning of the Night, without knowing whither they were to go. They came to the Bridge of *Aigues* an hour after Midnight, and by the way meeting his Highness's Courrier, who was carrying Letters to St. *Esprit*, they stopt him, and took away his Packet. The Commander of the Party caused a Candle to be lighted, and unseal'd the Orders which he had received from the *Count de Tesse*, and having read them, took his march to *Orange*, and dispatch'd some Companies to go and invest the Towns of *Courthezon* and *Jonquieres*. He approached the City without being discovered, and posted his *Corps de Gardes* and Sentries very near each other, before any of the City had notice of it. My Neighbour, whom I before mentioned, was the first that gave the Alarm; every one started out of their Beds, endeavouring to save themselves by all passages out of the City, but the Souldiers were placed at so near a distance, that only some few who had most courage durst venture to get through. I leave others to imagine the cries and shrieks of the poor Inhabitants; as remote as I was from the Street, their Lamentations pierced my very Heart; and those Torrents of Tears which my poor Sheep came to pour out in my Chamber, put me into the condition of a dying Man. At break of Day the *Count de Tesse* entred the City, attended by several Officers, breathing out nothing but Punishments, Blood, and Slaughter, which augmented the Consternation of those of the Religion. After having marched about the streets to strike Terror by his barbarous Expressions, intermixed with horrid Execrations, he alighted at the Bishop's Palace, the common Ren-

dezvous of all those who came to *Orange* to Oppress us. The Companies of Dragoons who were gone to Invest *Courtheson* and *Jonquieres*, had made terrible work there. In the latter they had seiz'd a Rich Inhabitant, named *Garaignon*, whom they had pinion'd, and made him march before them in that condition quite to *Orange*. At *Courtheson* they took *Mr. Aunet*, Pastor of that Church, and made him go in the Head of a Party of Dragoons, who carried him to the *Count de Tesse*, by whom he was immediately sent to Prison. My dear Collegues, *Messieurs Gondrand*, *Chion*, and *Petit*, had attempted before day to make their escape, but being forced back by the Guards, who fired at them, and *Mr. Villet*, Minister of *Provence*, who yet was so lucky to get away, they went to abscond in some of their Friends Houses. At Three in the Afternoon the *Count de Tesse* required to speak with the Ministers, and for that purpose sent some Officers to search for them at their Houses. They brought him word, that they had found no body but me, who was not able to stir in my Bed for the extream pain of the Gout and my broken Thigh. This Account put him into a terrible Fury, whilest he was studying where it should be that my Collegues had secur'd themselves. This grand Converter spoke of nothing but demolishing our Churches, and ruining the City, if the Ministers were not produc'd. These Menaces did so terrifie our People, that instead of concealing their Pastors, as those of *Alexandria* did once in the case of *Athanasius*, they were the first to search for them, in order to their bringing them before the *Count de Tesse*, hoping thereby to appease the rage of that furious Persecutor, not considering that they should thereby rather add to the weight of their Persecution.

But for as much as we had mutually promised to sacrifice our selves for our Flocks, my blessed Collegues came out of their Retirements, and notwithstanding the Tears of their Wives and Children, who begg'd of them not to expose themselves, as they were going to do, went to wait upon the *Count de Tesse*, who received them with threats of sending them to the Gallows, particularly *Mr. Petit*, whom he told positively, that he should be hang'd the next day. He had scarce patience to suffer them one moment in his presence, before he sent them to Prison, without being so civil as to hear them say one word in their own defence. These faithful Servants of God were no sooner committed, but the Count sent an Officer with two Dragoons to my House, one of which he posted by my Bed-side, telling him, his Life should

answer

anſwer for my Appearance; and the other at the Door of my Houſe, to hinder any from coming to me. When I ſaw my ſelf under this Confinement, I lifted up my Heart to God in a fervent Prayer, imploring the aſſiſtance of his Grace to ſupport me in this Conflict, to perfect his ſtrength in my weakneſs, and that he might be glorified, whether by my Life or Death. I can aver with a ſafe Conſcience, that though I was in ſuch deplorable Condition, I did not ſo much reflect upon my own Sufferings as thoſe of my dear Collegues, and my poor Flock. I entreated my Wife, Mrs. *Louiſe de Chavanon*, my Nephews, and others of my Relations, that could be near me, to give me their Aſſiſtance, and not to diſcourage me by their Tears, telling them, that in that miſerable eſtate to which my Pains and Afflictions had reduced me, we ought all of us rather to Arm our ſelves to fight together that good Fight, and to defend the precious Pledge of our Faith, which God had put into our hands; that as to my own particular, my truſt in God was ſo ſtrong, that I was firmly perſuaded, that neither Death, nor Life, nor Perſecution, nor Nakedneſs, nor the Sword could ever ſeparate me from his bleſſed Love. That I fore-ſaw that I ſhould be treated with the extreameſt Rigor, as well for Reaſons of State, as upon account of Religion; but whatever happened, I found I had Courage enough to endure the utmoſt Cruelties they could inflict upon me. But alas! I have found by too ſad Experience, that the ſtouteſt Heart cannot bear up if it be not ſtrengthened by the invincible power of Grace, and that our ſtrongeſt Reſolutions are but vain Illuſions, when they have no better Foundation than meer confidence in our ſelves.

When they had ſecur'd me and my Collegues, they diſmiſs'd the Guard which they had planted round the City, into which the Dragoons made their entry as into a place conquer'd. They Quarter'd one third part of them upon the *Romaniſts*, and the other two thirds upon thoſe of the Religion. You may more eaſily conceive than I can expreſs the outrages committed from that Night forward. All that Barbarity and Violence could ſuggeſt to them, was employed in tormenting my poor Flock. 'Tis true, their Fury for ſeventeen days was not altogether ſo great; and *Teſſe* gave out, that his Buſineſs there was not to make us change our Religion; but yet he placed his Guards at all the Avenues of the City, to hinder any body from going out. — He was pleaſed likewiſe to remove the Dragoon that was placed in my Chamber, being informed of the ſad condition I was in, and

that there was no fear I ſhould make my eſcape, the misfortune I lay under being a heavier Chain than all the Irons they could have loaded me with. — The Biſhop gave me to underſtand by a Perſon that was ſent to me, that I was obliged to him for thoſe petty Favours, and I returned him my Thanks for the ſame. But for all that, the Door of my Houſe was guarded by Sentinels that were relieved every hour; and there were but a very few ſuffered to enter. — The Guard that *was placed in my Chamber* incommoded me extreamly, hindring me from diſcourſing freely with thoſe Perſons that ſtood in need of Comfort. But when he was removed, I had the Opportunity of conferring with ſeveral that came to me a private way the Dragoons knew not of. — The day after the Arrival of theſe cruel Perſecutors, being the *26th.* of *October*, came the firſt Batallion of *Du Pleſſis Believre* about Two in the Afternoon, and was followed the day after by the ſecond. The great number of the Souldiers obliged *Count de Teſſe* to overcharge the Inhabitants with thoſe new Gueſts; who, though they had extraordinary Pay, *viz.* the Dragoons 30, and the Infantry 10 *Sous* a day, yet for all that, they forced their Landlords to give them Free Quarter: And Happy was he that was forced only with dry blows to grant them what they demanded.

No ſooner was the firſt Batallion come, but the *Count de Teſſe* ſent the Major of the Regiment, accompanied with the Biſhop's Secretary, to me, to demand the Keys of our Churches. I anſwered him, that I was not the Church-Warden. This Anſwer put him into a Paſſion; and he told me, he had Orders to receive the Keys from my own Hands. I reply'd again, that I was not the Church-Warden; and that it was in vain for him to expect that I ſhould deliver him them. Then he began again to uſe Threatning Language to oblige me to do what he required. But finding me, after all, firm to my Reſolution, he ordered ſome of the Souldiers to go and ſee for the Church-Warden; and they not finding him, made one of his Daughters come along with them to me with the Keys in her Hand. The poor Girle came into my Chamber all in Tears. The Major ordered the Maid to deliver the Keys to me; but I refuſed to receive them. He commanded me in the *Count de Teſſe*'s Name to take them, and deliver them to him. I abſolutely refuſed to do either the one or the other. At laſt, after a Debate of about a quarter of an hour, he ſnatch'd them out of the Maid's Hand, and went to tell the *Count de Teſſe* what he had done.

The

The Count in the mean time tarry'd at the Gate of the great Church, impatiently expecting the Keys; and as ſoon as he got them, he entred the Church, accompanied by the Biſhop, ſaying, by way of Deriſion, *Farewel, poor Jeruſalem.*

The firſt thing thoſe honeſt Gentlemen did in that Holy Place, was to tear in pieces the Bibles, and the Pſalm-Books. Then they went up into the Pulpit, where they uttered a thouſand profane Expreſſions. After that, they tore down his Highneſs's Arms, which were placed over the Parliament-Seat. And in fine, they ſhewed themſelves ſo Inhumane, as to do violence even to the Aſhes of the great *Chriſtopher, Count de Dona,* that were repoſited in that Sacred Structure, which by his means had been built by Order, and at the Charge of the great Prince *Fredrick-Henry.*

The Reader I hope will excuſe me for not relating all the indignities they put in practice to profane our Churches, which fills me with ſo great a horror, that my Soul even ſinks under it. It will ſuffice to tell him, that they ran to the Poors Box to take away the Money, and finding but little there, they diſcharged there Fury upon Mrs. *Chion,* my Colleague's Wife, whom they ſent to Priſon. The next day they began to take away the Seats, ſome of which they carried to the Cathedral, and the reſt to the Chappels of the Convents: Then they proceeded to the pulling down the little Church, called the Church of St. *Martin.* The Curé did what he could to hinder it, alledging it belonged to his Cure, but he could not be heard; ſo it was razed down to the ground. But I muſt not omit to tell one thing very remarkable, of a Souldier, who being of the Religion, choſe rather to be cudgell'd in a moſt cruel manner, and dragg'd along the ſtreets, than to aſſiſt at the pulling down of it; telling his Captain, he would ſooner die, than obey him in ſuch an unjuſt Command.

This Church was no ſooner demoliſh'd, but theſe Deſtroying Angels ſet about reducing the other to a heap of Stones. This was a very ſpacious one, and of an admirable Structure; the Roof was ſupported by an Arch carried from Weſt, on which ſide ſtood the Pulpit, to Eaſt, having on the right and left a Range of three Arches of Free-ſtone, with their Corniſhes, which ſupported the Galleries, to receive the Rain-water falling on the Roof, which was conveyed away. They ſpent fourteen days in pulling down this Fabrick, and not being able to looſen the more ſolid parts of it with Levers, nor any other Inſtruments, they were neceſſitated to blow it up.

At

At the ſame time they were at work in demoliſhing the Church at *Courtheſon*, and the Dragoons tormented the Inhabitants with a thouſand Outrages which they committed upon thoſe poor people, who being eat out of all, as well as thoſe of *Orange*, were not able to provide any longer for the ſubſiſtance of the Souldiers. In the mean time my Collegues were kept very cloſe Priſoners with two other Miniſters, *Meſſieurs Rainaud*, and *De Vignoles*; the former of which they had ſeized in *Dauphine*, and the latter in the Province of *Languedoc*. Very few Perſons were permitted to viſit them; but we ſent each other little Notes, to encourage us to fight the good Fight, and to defend our Religion, though with the hazard of our Lives. But though theſe little Opportunities of mutual Correſpondence gave us ſome little Joy and Conſolation, we had every day ſome new ſubject of Affliction. The poor people that were miſerably harraſs'd, and could not bear the great expence which they muſt lie under, of maintaining the Dragoons, did moſt ſhamefully abate in their Zeal. I ſent as many as I poſſibly could to confirm them; and gave my ſelf no reſpite neither night nor day from performing the Duty of my Miniſtry, and Praying with all thoſe that came to my Houſe. But at laſt, God, who intended to puniſh us for our hainous ſins, ſuffered us to ſee thoſe ſad days, being wholly forſaken by our Flocks, except only ſome few particular Perſons, who, notwithſtanding all the Cruelties that could be exerciſed upon them, continued firm to the laſt.

November the 10*th*. in the Morning it was publickly reported, that an Expreſs was come to the *Count de Teſſe*, with Orders, that he ſhould execute the Booted Miſſion, *i. e.* that he ſhould Perſecute us without Mercy, to make us change our Religion. I have by a ſorrowful Experience obſerved, that the Aſſembles that have been made at *Montaban*, *Montpellier*, *Nimes*, *Uſez*, and all the other conſiderable Cities, to Conſult what was to be done upon like Occaſions, have been Snares, which thoſe unhappy Perſons who have been drawn away, have laid for the ſimple, as likewiſe for thoſe of better Judgments, to make them alſo fall with the Croud. This made me take all poſſible care that my Flock might not be drawn into the ſame Snare: 'Twas for that Reaſon, that the day before I had deſired *Mr. Grenatier* my Kinſman, who was one of thoſe happy Perſons, that, notwithſtanding a thouſand Dangers he muſt meet with, and as many Difficulties he was to run through in making his eſcape out of the Kingdom, yet ſtill preſerved his Religion. 'Twas, I ſay, upon an apprehenſion of

this,

this, that I pray'd him to go all about the City, and engage the Inhabitants to decline all ſuch Aſſemblies, whatſoever might follow thereupon, aſſuring them, that contrivances of ruining them by ſuch means would certainly be made uſe of; and that all ſorts of fair Promiſes would be made them, but nothing of thoſe Promiſes would be afterwards obſerved. And though he acquitted himſelf in that Affair with abundance of Zeal and Diligence, yet the ſucceſs did not anſwer our pains, as we ſhall ſhew hereafter.

Teſſe was at the *Count du Suzes* Houſe, about three Leagues from *Orange* when the Expreſs arrived. He came immediately, and begun an open Perſecution, by removing the Souldiers that were quartered upon the *Romaniſts*: And all the Troops were billetted only upon thoſe of the Religion. And no ſooner was this new aſſignment of Quarters made, but a thouſand doleful Cries were every where to be heard in the City; the People running up and down the Streets all in tears. The Wife cry'd out for help to Reſcue her Husband, whom they were either cruelly cudgelling about, or hanging up *by the heels* in the Chimney, or tying to the Bed's-feet, or threatning immediately to cut his Throat. The Husband implor'd the like aſſiſtance in behalf of his Wife, whom threats and blows, and a thouſand ſorts of Cruelties had made to miſcarry. The Children cryed out, Help, Help! They are Murthering my Father, they are Raviſhing my Mother, and ſpitting one of my Brothers. —— But here I muſt ſtop my Pen, which is ready to drop out of my Hand, and the very remembrance of their Barbarities has ſo over-whelmed me with grief and tears, that I am not able to proceed in deſcribing that Tragical Scene. From thoſe Cruelties neither Sex nor Age was exempt. Nor was there any more regard had to Perſons of the greateſt Worth, or of the beſt Families, than to the meaneſt Peaſants. Nor had they any Reſpect to the Prince's Officers, but even *Monſieur de Lubieres*, *Monſieur d'Alençon*, and *Monſieur de Drevon* were forced to receive Dragoons into their Houſes. And it was well for my Nephew, *Mr. Convenent*, who was Chancellor of Parliament, that he got away early that Morning in a Country-man's Habit, that ſo while it was in his power, he might make his eſcape out of the Kingdom: For I do not doubt, but that barely for his Relation to me, he would have been worſe uſed than all his Collegues.

The ſame day about Four in the Afternoon, the *Count de Teſſe* came along with the Biſhop to my Houſe; he came into my Chamber, where, having lately broke my Thigh, I was conſtantly

ſtantly confin'd to my Bed, having not been able to riſe but only twice to have my Bed made. He ſaluted me very civilly, and ask'd me kindly concerning the ſtate of my Health. And after he had plac'd himſelf at the Head of the Bed, and the Biſhop at the Feet, he began to tell me, that he had a great concern for me, and that he had ſhewn me a particular favour above my Collegues, in not throwing me into Priſon, as knowing that I was a Gentleman, and that he had ſeen none elſe in the City, but *Monſieur de Beaufain* and my ſelf to perſwade to comply with the King's Commands. And that the better to prevail with me, he had brought along with him Monſieur the Biſhop, that if I had any ſcruples of Conſcience, he might give me ſatisfaction therein. I return'd him my Thanks for his Kindneſs, and ſaid to this effect, That I had a Maſter in Heaven, whom I ought chiefly to obey; and that as for a Soveraign upon Earth, I own'd none other but his Highneſs the *Prince of Orange*; that I was born his Subject, and had the Honour to be one of his Domeſticks; that as for Monſieur the Biſhop, we were well acquainted, and had been good Friends, and had never had any Diſpute about Religion, and that now, when ſo many Swords were drawn to defend the *Romiſh* Religion, and to extirpate the Reformed, it would be to no purpoſe to enter the Liſts with him. He was very importunate with me to enter into Diſcourſe. If, ſaid he, you will not engage with the Biſhop, pray tell me, for my own ſatisfaction, why you abhor Images ſo much, and what is the Reaſon you will not come over to our Communion? Sir, reply'd I, ſince you will have me ſpeak my Mind, I will tell you, that in order to the Re-union you ſpeak of, the *Prelates* of *France* are to puſh the Point which they contend for ſomewhat further. The condemning the four Propoſitions ſeems to have ſomewhat that is good in it, or at leaſt we make this Advantage of it, that they agree with us in this particular, that the Pope is not the Infallible Judge of Controverſies; which is a Point we all along eagerly contended for againſt the Pretences of the Jeſuites, and the Monks. After ſo hopeful a beginning, we expect that the Gentlemen of the Glergy ſhould proceed to Reform the manner of Worſhip, as now practiſed in the Church; for really we cannot look upon it but as unlawful in it ſelf. They ought therefore to do as *Serenus*, Biſhop of *Marſeilles* did, who coming into his Church, and ſeeing it curiouſly adorned with exquiſite Statues and Pictures, ordered thoſe Objects of Idolatry to be removed, and made every the ſmalleſt Piece to be defaced. And if the Pope

ſhould

ſhould ſend his Letters to reproach them for it, as *Gregory* the Great formerly did to *Serenus*; and that they ſhould at leaſt have ſpared the Paintings, which might have ſerved as ſo many Inſtructors to the Illiterate. They may anſwer him, as that great Biſhop did to *Gregory*, that he had no need of ſuch petty Doctors to make Men groſs Idolaters, and that he, the true Paſtor of his Flock, was ſufficient to ſhew them how they were to Worſhip God. Well, anſwered *Monſieur de Teſſe*, but do you believe we adore the Images? That is not the thing we are to conſider, reply'd I; 'tis enough that you give them a Religious Worſhip. Your Biſhops ſhould therefore follow the Example of St. *Epiphanius*, who going to *Jeruſalem*, upon his entrance into an Oratory, tore a Veil that had upon it the Picture of a certain Saint. Till then, the Biſhop had kept ſilence, but then he interpoſed, ſaying, That that was the Picture of a Robber. Then I began to ſmile, ſaying, that ſuch an Evaſion would have come well enough from a Jeſuite, but I could not but wonder, that ſuch an eminent Prelate as he ſhould ſhuffle over this action of St. *Epiphanius* with a Fiction ſo very ill contrived. You, Sir, ſaid I, being ſo very well verſed in Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, I am ſurprized that you ſhould not have taken Notice of the Epiſtle which St. *Epiphanius* wrote to *John*, Biſhop of *Jeruſalem*, which St. *Jerome* has Tranſlated out of *Greek* into *Latin*, and is his one hundred and firſt Epiſtle to *Pammachius*, where it is ſaid expreſly, that 'twas the Picture of Chriſt, or elſe ſome Saint, not particularly remembring whether it was the one or the other. The *Count de Teſſe* would not permit us to diſpute any longer upon that Subject, but asked me, why we would not uſe Confeſſion? No doubt, Sir, ſaid I, you underſtand *Latin*, hear therefore what St. *Auguſtin* ſaith, *Quid mihi cum hominibus ut peccata mea audiant tanquam Morbos meos ſanaturi*, What have I to do to confeſs my ſins to Men, as if they were able to heal the Diſeaſes of my Soul? Then he led me into a Diſcourſe about *Purgatory*, ſaying, that it was highly neceſſary that our Souls ſhould be purged, and prepared to appear in the Preſence of God. I anſwered, That that was to be done by our Saviour's Blood; and that in ſhort, Purgatory was nothing elſe but a meer Fiction, whereof there was not ſo much as one word ſpoken in the Primitive Church. And, Sir, ſaid I, I will leave you to judge whether St. *Auguſtin* believed a Purgatory, when I have recited a few words of his; *Primum locum fides catholicorum credit eſſe Regnum Cœlorum, ſecundum Gehennam ubi omnis Apoſtata aut à fide deficiens cruciatur, tertium penitùs ignoramus, neque in*

Scripturis esse invenimus. The word *Penitùs*, added I, is very emphatical, and does so expresly exclude Purgatory, that if you consider it well, you will not believe any such Place.

When the Count saw me so Resolute to maintain the Truth, he chang'd his way of Assaulting me; he told me, the King his Master made it a point of Honour to make me a Catholick; and therefore I ought to consider with my self, and to accept those Terms he was going to offer me. You have nothing to do, said he, but only to draw up in Writing whatsoever you desire, and I have Commission to grant it you. Here is Monsieur the Bishop, who knows, and is ready to attest it. I answer'd him, that I knew very well that so great a Prince, as the King his Master, would not have any such concern for so inconsiderable a Minister as I was. That as for the rest, I had no need of any thing; and that all the Favour I desired of him, was, that he would please to grant me a Pass, as he had given to the Ministers of *France*, that I might retire to my Great Master in *Holland*. He immediately broke out into high *Elogiums* upon the Prince, saying, that he had a particular Veneration for his extraordinary Merits, that he highly admired him as a great Hero, and that he had upon several Occasions seen him behave himself both as a brave Souldier, and a great General. If, Sir, said I, you have such a Veneration for that great Prince, I beseech you have Compassion upon his Servant, and grant me a Pass, that I may repair to him, which would be a great Comfort to me in my present afflicted Condition. That, reply'd he, is not in my Power; I have told you already, that the King makes it a Point of Honour to Convert you. It is very well known that you are a dangerous Person, and too much devoted to the Prince; you will never be suffered to go to him. How, said I, must my Fidelity to my Great Master be charged upon me as a Crime, to detain me contrary to all Right? It is to no purpose to Argue, reply'd he in a Rage; you must obey the King, otherwise I shall proceed to execute my Order against you. You dare not do it, said I. How, Sir, said he, (approaching my Bed with a Countenance flaming with Rage) dare not do it? Yes, Sir, said I, I say again, You dare not execute your Orders upon me. And then uncovering my self, I let him see my wretched Body, saying, Consider, Sir, this Carkass; your Compassion and Generosity will not let you execute any Cruelty upon it. Adieu, Sir, said he, you are too Rhetorical for me. I bid you a third time consider of it, and obey the King, or else it will be worse for you. I told him, that

I had conſidered every thing that I ought to conſider; I ſee that Pity is a Vertue that is not in faſhion now adays. I ſhall with ſatisfaction ſee my ſelf dragged along the ſtreets of *Orange*. The Biſhop tarried a little time after in my Chamber; he deſired me not to ſuffer my ſelf to be Tormented, adding, that he bore a part in my Misfortune; and leaning himſelf down upon me, he embraced me with Tears, which I believed came from his very Heart. From my Houſe theſe Gentlemen went to the Priſons: The Count had given Orders that my Collegues ſhould be kept apart, and that they ſhould be put into deep Dungeons. He viſited them one after another, perſwading them to turn: Yet notwithſtanding all the Threats that the Count could uſe, they remained firm and undaunted; and by the Piety of their Diſcourſes they ſent away the Count and the Biſhop very much aſhamed, that they had ſucceeded no better in their Undertaking. This Example of Conſtancy, which both my Collegues and I had given thoſe under our Care, ſhould have confirmed them in a Reſolution of ſuffering any thing, rather than quit the pure Profeſſion of the Goſpel. Several Perſons that were in my Cloſet, heard all that paſt between the Count, the Biſhop, and my ſelf; and my Diſcourſe with them was related all the Town over, as were likewiſe thoſe of my Collegues. But we had the misfortune to ſee that they proved not ſo effectual as we deſired. The ſenſe of what they already ſuffered, and the apprehenſion of what they were further to expect, prevailed with the people to Aſſemble. God forgive thoſe that occaſioned that Aſſembly, and who voted ſo wickedly therein. 'Tis true indeed, before any thing was concluded, a Counſellor of Parliament and an Advocate were diſpatched to *Count de Teſſe*, to Remonſtrate the Injuſtice of forcing his Highneſs's Subjects to change their Religion; and to pray him to grant Paſs-ports to as many as had a mind to leave their Country. But they got no other Anſwer than a poſitive Denyal, and ſevere Menaces. Which when they had reported to the Aſſembly, they reſolved upon a change of their Religion upon Terms agreed to by the Biſhop, and compriſed in theſe following Articles.

That they ſhould not be obliged to Pray to Saints.
That they ſhould not be required to kneel before Images. And
That the Sacrament ſhould be given to them in both kinds.

Together with ſome more ſweetning Conceſſions, which I do not particularly remember. Thus theſe poor unhappy Creatures ſuffered themſelves in the Agony of their Minds to be trepann'd by thoſe fair Promiſes, not conſidering that whether they would or no, they ſhould ſhortly be brought to kneel before an Image, and in every particular to Conform themſelves to the *Romiſh* way of Worſhip.

All this while I underſtood nothing of this Aſſembly. There were ſome Devout Perſons with me, who were come to Pray with my Family. I read to them the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*; and as we were joyntly bewailing the Ruin of our Church, we were interrupted in that Holy Exerciſe by ſome that came to acquaint me with what had paſs'd. Upon theſe ſad Tydings we redoubled our ſighs and our tears. I made a Prayer for the Aſſiſtance and Protection of Heaven in that Extremity: For I was ready to expire with Grief, as plainly fore-ſeeing that that Aſſembly could produce nothing but the Apoſtacy of my Flock. I ſent every where to get my Elders together; but the buſineſs was already concluded, and all my Arguments to no purpoſe. No ſooner was that unhappy Re-union ſigned, but Orders were given to the Dragoons to live peaceably in the Houſes of the pretended Converts: But as for thoſe that remained ſtedfaſt, they were grievouſly harraſs'd by the Souldiers.

And now came my turn to bear the Fury of theſe mercileſs Perſecutors. The *Count de Teſſe* had threatned to treat me with Severity, and he was in that particular as good as his word: For without being touched with any ſenſe of that ſad Condition he ſaw me in, within two hours he ſent to my Houſe 42 Dragoons, and 4 Drummers, who beat Night and Day about my Chamber, to put me paſt ſleeping, and, if poſſible, to make me ſubmit. Theſe new Gueſts crouded into my Chamber to demand Monies of me, having one Towel tyed about their Heads inſtead of a Cap, and another about their Arms, to wipe their hands with.— To have given them every thing they asked for, you muſt have gone to all the Cooks-ſhops in the City. For if when they had gorg'd themſelves with the moſt delicious Fowl, that did no longer pleaſe their Palat, they would call for ſuch Rarities, as only the *Indies* can furniſh, and all this only for a pretence, that they might abuſe my Servants, and good Neighbours, that were come to wait upon them, thinking thereby to mollifie their extravagant Fury. In a few hours my Houſe was turn'd topſy-turvy: All the Proviſions I had would not ſerve for one Meal, they broke

broke open the doors to ſearch for whatever they found lock'd, and made havock of all they lay'd hands upon. My Wife endeavour'd to oppoſe it with an undaunted Courage, but her greateſt care was how to preſerve me, being afraid every time ſhe came to me, leſt the Dragoons ſhould do me ſome miſchief. She ſuffered from them all imaginable Inſolencies, Threatnings, and opprobious Names, as Whore, Jade, and a thouſand other filthy Expreſſions, which theſe wicked wretches belch'd out every moment. The fear I was in leſt they ſhould grow more abuſive, made me conjure her to retire to her Father, *Mr. Chavanon's* Houſe. She refuſed a long time to comply with me, but at length being overcome by my Tears, ſhe yielded to my Requeſt. No ſooner was Night come, but the Dragoons lighted up Candles all over my Houſe. In my Court-yard, and all my Chambers you might have ſeen as at Noon-day; and the ordinary employment of thoſe Ruffians all Night was, to eat, drink, and ſmoak. This would have been tolerable if they had not come into my Chamber to intoxicate and choak me with the Fumes of their Tobacco, and the Drummers would but have ceas'd their horrid din, and have let me taken ſome reſt. But theſe Inhumane Monſters were not contented to diſturb me in that manner, but added to it moſt hideous yellings: And if by good chance the Fumes of their Wine laid any of them aſleep, the Officer that commanded them, who, they ſaid, was nearly related to the Marqueſs *de Louvois*, ſoon wak'd them with the Diſcipline of his Cane, that they might torment me afreſh. What could I do in the midſt of that Hell upon Earth, but only lift up my Soul to God to beg his gracious Aſſiſtance? That was my only Employment, which I accompany'd with my ſighs and tears. Theſe Torments had ſo deprav'd the Conſtitution of my Body, that I was not able to take any Nouriſhment. I received no conſolation from any body but my Wife, who came from time to time from her Father's Houſe to comfort me in my Miſery. The Doors were ſhut againſt every body but two *Roman Catholicks*, who being touched with Compaſſion at my cruel Uſage, hazarded themſelves, to come and lend me their help. Some of my Flock, who had yielded under the Perſecution, found means, I know not how, to ſlip into my Houſe: They came into my Chamber, and throwing themſelves upon the Ground at my Bed-ſide, conjur'd me to pray to God for them, that their Iniquity might not be laid to their charge. It will not, ſaid I, burſting into Tears, my dear Children, if you recover again by a ſpeedy Repentance; *for there is mercy with God, that he may be feared.* Having

Having got over this ill Night, the *Count de Teſſe* ſent an Officer to ask me, whether I would obey the *King*. I anſwer'd him, that I would obey *God*. Upon this, the Officer went haſtily out of my Chamber, and Order was given to Quarter the whole Regiment upon me, and to torment me with greater violence. All this Day and the Night following the diſturbance was intolerable. The Drums beat in my Chamber, the Dragoons ſmoak'd their Tobacco in my Face, and what through this infernal Smoak, want of Food and Sleep, and the pains I ſuffer'd, my Mind was confounded. And yet in the midſt of all theſe Torments, I ſenſibly felt the Grace of *God* ſuſtaining me. I was once more ſummon'd by the ſame Officer to obey the *King*. I anſwer'd, that *God* was my *King*, and that I ſhould ſoon appear before him to give an Account of my Actions; and that they would do much better to diſpatch me, than to make me languiſh under ſo many Inhumanities. All this did not in the leaſt ſoften their barbarous hearts, but made them a great deal worſe; ſo that being thus oppreſs'd with ſuch a load of Perſecutions, on *Tueſday*, the 13*th*. of *November*, I fell into a Trance, in which I remain'd four hours compleat, with ſmall appearance of Life. The noiſe of this ſoon ſpread over all the City; the people run in crouds to my Houſe, and ſeveral Ladies forced their way through the Dragoons, to give me Aſſiſtance in this extremity: And 'twas even reported, that I was dead. My Flock prais'd God for my deliverance, and for taking me away in the midſt of my Troubles, out of the hands of my Enemies. The Dragoons came into my Room, and ſtrangely inſulted over me; one brought a another a Pullet, and the reſt brought Joynts of Mutton, *&c.* and mocking, ſaid, We muſt rub his Teeth with theſe, and he'll come to himſelf. The noiſe of my Death was quickly carried to the *Count de Teſſe*. Upon which he immediately commanded the Dragoons from my Houſe, fearing without doubt, the Anger of the *Court* (who, it ſeems, is not willing that any ſhould be kill'd) for having let me dye in the midſt of ſo many Torments. And to ſave himſelf, he cauſed to be publiſh'd by his Emiſſaries, that I was poiſon'd. There was left only four Dragoons to Guard me; and in the Evening I was no ſooner come out of this Trance, but this Count ſent the Officer who had the Command of my Houſe, to tell me, that I muſt get me ready to be carried the next day to *Pierre-ciſe*. With my weak trembling Voice I told him, that I was even that moment ready to go whereſoever they would carry me. I omit to ſpeak of the ſorrow of my Wife and all my Kindred, and will only

only ſay, I paſs'd over that Night with ſtrange perplexity of Mind. The Priſon did not fright me, but I miſtruſted the ſtrength of my Body; I could not imagine that it would hold out ſo long a Journey. They try'd to put on my Cloaths, but my pains were ſo great, I could never endure them. In this great Conflict between the Fleſh and the Spirit, I commended my ſelf into the hands of God, and ſang the 11*th.* Verſe of the 40 *Pſalm, That I, O Lord, ſhould do thy mind,* &c. Whileſt I was in this Combat, my Wife went and threw her ſelf at the Feet of the *Count de Teſſe,* and with a torrent of Tears, which would have ſoftned the moſt ſavage of Mankind, conjur'd him to let me be carried to my Country-Houſe, and ſhe would pay the Guards that ſhould be ſent to ſecure me; or if not this, that he would pleaſe to put me in Priſon with my *Brethren* and *Collegues.* But this hard and inhumane Heart, with ſcorn deny'd her Requeſt, telling her, that I was called the *Pope* of the *Huguenots,* but that now my *Pontifical* Reign was expir'd; and that it was to have been wiſh'd, that long ago I had been baniſh'd *Orange,* from whence I did nothing but ſow my *Hereſies* in all the Provinces of the Kingdom. The Biſhop and ſeveral others, who in my Proſperity ſeem'd my Friends, were preſent, but not one of them would ſpeak a word in my favour. This ſhews the *Spirit of Popery,* which Idolizes *Proſperity,* but has not common pity for the *Miſerable.* The next Morning the *Count de Teſſe* ſent me word, that I muſt be going. He had before-hand cauſed to be made a *Horſe-Litter,* it being impoſſible to carry me any other way. They took me out of Bed with the looks of a dying Man; my Friends about me had much ado to get on my Cloaths, and I endur'd a great deal while they were dreſſing me, and ſix Men were forced to carry me into the *Horſe-Litter,* which was ready for me in the outer Court, ſome at my Head, others at the middle of my Body, and the reſt at my Feet. In my Chamber, and at the bottom of the Stairs I ſaw ſeveral of my Friends, who ſpoke to me only by their Sighs and their Tears. When they had put me in the *Litter,* they had much ado to find a poſture in which I might be tolerably eaſie from my pains. The Court where I ſtood was crouded with People, who melted into Tears, and tore their hair from their Heads. On one ſide of me I beheld two of my Neighbours, who for a long time had been at great difference; to whom I thus addreſs'd my ſelf. My dear Children, why do you weep? Pour forth Tears upon your ſelves, and your ſins, which have pull'd down the wrath of *God* on you. If you love me, and are ſorry for me,

give

give me the Comfort to ſee you embrace each other, and let your Peace and Agreement be the laſt Fruit of my Miniſtry among you. I had no ſooner ſpoke theſe words, but they fell upon the ground, embracing each other, and with their Faces in the Duſt begg'd Pardon of one another. On the other ſide, I ſaw ſome Ladies with their Hair about their Ears, *Gentlemen*, *Citizens*, and *Country* People, who kiſſing my Hand, begg'd my Bleſſing. I gave it them with as much Zeal, and as great elevation of Soul as I ever did in my Life. My Wife, whom the Count had refuſed the favour to follow me, was now with me, and hanging about my Neck, melted into Tears. She exhorted me in very pathetical terms, to Patience and Perſeverance. I was in pain how to leave theſe good people; but the Dragoons which were commanded to Guard me, made them withdraw, to make room for the *Horſe-Litter* to march. I was hardly got without the Court-gate of my Houſe, but I beheld a multitude of people, which fill'd four ſtreets and another place adjoyning to them. At the ſame time that theſe diſconſolate perſons ſaw me, they began to cry out, *Miſericorde*, *Miſericorde*, *Miſericorde*. There were among them even ſome *Roman Catholicks* which ſhed tears with my people. There was ſo great a Croud, that one trod upon another to ask my Bleſſing. Some of them cry'd, *Adieu, my dear Friend*: Others, *Adieu, my dear Paſtor*; and all together lifting their hands and eyes up to Heaven, wiſh'd me a thouſand good things. This ſad ſight, and theſe ſorrowful voices even rent my Heart, and I ſwoonded away in my *Litter*, and was forced to take Cordial Waters to reſtore me. I was no ſooner come to my ſelf, but I conjur'd thoſe neareſt about me, to let me go in Peace: But they again began to take me by the Hands, the Feet, and the Arms, as if they would have kept me for ever. The Dragoons themſelves were ſo ſenſibly touch'd with this ſpectacle, that they were obſerv'd to change colour, and were not able to ſpeak a word to theſe poor afflicted people. There was a Perſon of worth in that Country, who having enquir'd into all the particulars of this days Action, ſaid to one of my Friends, who afterwards gave me an Account of it, *That he did not believe there were ſo many Tears ſhed in* Rome, *at* Liberius *his going from thence*; nor *at* Alexandria, *when* Athanaſius *was baniſh'd, as was that day ſhed at* Orange. At laſt, having been often ſtopt in the ſtreet, I got out of the City by that Gate which is neareſt my Houſe, where again I found more People weeping, than I had met with in the City. And here again we were forced to ſtop, to give them my Bleſſing,

which

which they begg'd with great earneſtneſs. And on this manner I paſs'd by three Gates of the City, all the way accompanied with a continual croud of People. I was ſtopt again in the Suburbs of the *Angel*, where a Dragoon gave a box on the Ear to a poor Woman, who was a *Roman Catholick*, only becauſe ſhe bewail'd my Misfortune. The care I always took to do Service to all Perſons of either Religion, had gain'd me their Hearts and Affections, ſo that I did not much wonder to find a great many honeſt minds touch'd with my Sufferings.

I am perſwaded ſome charitable Perſon had inform'd the *Count de Teſſe* of the ſad condition I was in; and that it was to be fear'd I might die before I arriv'd at *Pierre-Ciſe*. And upon this conſideration it was doubtleſs, that he countermanded the Orders he had given. An Officer comes to him that commanded the Party that guarded me, and bids him conduct me to a place call'd *Saint Eſprit*, and put me into the hands of the *Chevalier De Montanegues*, who commanded there, and to whom the *Count de Teſſe* writ. Immediately upon this new Order they march'd with me: Abundance of my poor Flock ſtill continually follow'd me, the ſight of them did but renew my ſorrow, for which reaſon I beg'd them to let me go in Peace, ſince I was in the hands of God, to whoſe Mercy I recommended them. This Multitude accompanied me near half a League; but having got clear from them, I began to turn my thoughts upon my ſelf: I lift up my Heart to *God* in ſinging the 143 *Pſalm, Lord hear my Prayer*, &c. I recited not one Verſe without making holy Reflections for ſtrengthening me in this great Tryal. After this, I ſang the 69 *Pſalm, Save me, O God*, &c. But I was interrupted in this holy Employment by the violent pains of my broken Thigh. The ſhaking of the *Litter*, and the ſlips and falſe ſteps of the *Mules* did ſo looſen my Bones, that I fancied I heard them crack; and very often my Nephew, *John Convenent*, and two Footmen, which the *Count de Teſſe* permitted me to take along with me, were forced to give me Cordial Waters to revive my Spirits, and ſupport my drooping Heart. As I paſs'd by *Mornas*, a Village of that *Countat*, the Inhabitants flock'd out to ſee me, and void of all Pity, reviled me, and told me, I deſerv'd to be thrown into the *Rhoſne*. A change in ones Condition, makes a change in Peoples Behaviour; heretofore when I us'd to paſs this way, I met with all Honour and Civility. One of the Guard of the *Vice-Legat* of *Avignon*, to whom I had done ſome ſmall kindneſs, being poſted here to hinder any of the People of *Orange* to paſs, as his Comrades were poſted in other places, he advanced

 towards

towards me, and diſpers'd this Mutinous Company. He expreſs'd a great trouble for my Misfortune, and wiſh'd it had been in his power to make me happy. I thank'd him for his Civility, and purſu'd my way to *Saint Eſprit*, where at the foot of the Bridge I met the *Chevalier De Montanegues*, who expected me. He came up to my *Litter*, and whiſpering me in the Ear, expreſs'd a mighty grief at the hard uſage I had met with, but aſſured me, that I might confidently expect from him whatever he was capable of. My Wife had the Honour to belong to this honeſt *Gentleman*; this, together with ſome little Service I had done the *Marqueſs* his Brother, prevail'd with him not to put me in the *Caſtle*, and he gave this Reaſon to the *Court* for not doing it, that the Stairs were ſo inconvenient, that it was impoſſible to carry me up. They lodg'd me in the Houſe of *Mr. Robin*, famous for his great Wit, for the ingenious Verſes he hath publiſh'd, and for the Honour he hath merited to be one of the moſt conſiderable Members of the *Univerſity of Arles*. *Mrs. Robin* his Lady, in the abſence of her Huſband, treated me with all the kindneſs I could deſire, for which I ſhall pay an eternal acknowledgment. I was ſo diſordered at my arrival with the toil of five hours being upon the Road between *Orange* and *Saint Eſprit*, that I knew not where I was. They had much trouble to take me out of the *Horſe-Litter*, and I endur'd incredible pain in their carrying me into the Chamber which was to be my *Priſon*, and where for the ſpace of Twenty days I kept my Bed, without being able to riſe to have it made.

I ſpent the firſt Night in dictating to my Nephew, *John Convenent*, ſeveral Letters for *Holland* and *Paris*, in which I gave an Account of my ſad Adventures. As I paſſionately deſir'd to get a Paſs-port, ſo I writ an importunate Letter to the *Baron De Spanheim*, Envoy Extraordinary from his *Electoral Highneſs* of *Brandenburgh*, in which I begg'd him to omit nothing to obtain it. I believ'd it would contribute to the ſucceſs of my Deſign, if I accompanied my Letter with a ſhort *Petition* to the King, and which the ſaid *Baron* might pleaſe to preſent in my Name. Here's the *Petition* in the ſame terms I conceiv'd it.

To

To the Most CHRISTIAN KING.

SIR,

NOble James Pineton de Chambrun, *born and bred in the City of* Orange, *heretofore* Minister *in the same City, with the most Humble Duty represents to your* Majesty, *That for these Eleven Years he hath been depriv'd of the use of his Body by the pain of the Gout, by reason of which he is continually confin'd either to his Bed, or a Chair, and from whence he cannot stir but by the help of his Servants. Besides this, he is actually tormented with the Stone; and to compleat his Misery, he has one of his Thighs broken, by a fall he had out of the Arms of his Servants. It was, Sir, in this sad Condition he was taken from his House, by Order of the* Count de Tesse, *and carried by Dragoons to your City of* Saint Esprit, *without being able to prevail with the said* Count *to suffer his Wife to follow him, and to assist him in his great Necessities. For these Reasons, he prostrates himself at the feet of your* Majesty's *Goodness, Clemency, and Mercy, humbly beseeching your* Majesty *to give Order, that he may have a* Pass-port *dispatch'd to him, for himself and Wife to go into* Holland, *&c.*

Accordingly I received an Answer from *Mr. Spanheim*, by which he let me know, that he had sent away with all Expedition my Petition to the Marquess *De Croissy*, and that he writ a Letter along with it, of which he sent me the Copy, as also of the *Marquess* his Answer. And here truly I cannot forbear saying, that the most ardent Charity, and most hearty Friendship dictated *Mr. Spanheim's* Letter. The Reasons he urged for my gaining what I desired, were unanswerable, so the Commendation which it pleas'd him to give of me, was a certain sign of his dear kindness, but not the right means, to make me obtain a Pass-port. On these Occasions, the more ones Vertue is prais'd, the more it's oppress'd: So that what at another time would have procur'd me favourable regards, was now partly the cause of a more severe Persecution. In the Answer which the Marquess *De Croissy* sent *Mr. Spanheim*, he told him, he had presented my Petition to the *King*, and that on the Tuesday following he should have a positive Answer to it. Now mind, I beseech ye, the Intrigues of this World: The Marquess *De Croissy's* Answer was dated the 27*th.* of *November*, and three days before that, which was the 24*th.* of the same Month, the Marquess *De Louvois* had given Order to the Marquess *De la*

Trouſſe to ſend me to *Pierre-Ciſe*. The Tueſday following *Mr. Spanheim* fail'd not to be at *Verſailles*, to receive the poſitive Anſwer which the Marqueſs *De Croiſſy* had promiſed him, which in ſubſtance was this; That the *King* had not yet reſolved to give me a *Paſs-port*, and notwithſtanding all *Mr. Spanheim*'s importunity, he could get no other Anſwer. Nay, they hid from him the Order which had been given to remove me to *Pierre-Ciſe*. While they were carrying me to the Priſon deſign'd, I received theſe two diſpatches, and that too by the means of my ſaid Nephew, who ſtole away from the Boat, and took Poſt for *Orange*.

The day after my Arrival at *Saint Eſprit* I was viſited by the *Chevalier De Montanegues*, who ſpoke to me in the moſt obliging manner, offering me both his Purſe and every thing elſe in his Power. He told me, he would uſe his endeavour that I ſhould be under his Cuſtody till I had received a *Paſs-port*: For, ſays he, they will not ſurely treat you worſe than other Miniſters of this Kingdom, abundance of whom I have ſeen paſs along. During my ſtay here in this *City*, the ſaid *Chevalier* gave leave to all Perſons of Quality to viſit me. One day I entred very far into ſome Controverſies of Religion with a *Judge* of that place, whoſe Name was *Mr. Bernard*. And for the Ladies, who came in great Companies to ſee me, I endeavoured to inſtruct them as dextrouſly as poſſibly I could.

While I exerciſed my ſelf in this good Employment, I forgot not my poor Wife, which I had left in much danger. I writ to her Conſolatory Letters, and beg'd her to hide her ſelf from the inſolencies of the *Dragoons*, and to keep out of the hands of the *Count de Teſſe*. In a little time I was informed how cruelly this Count did uſe her: He cauſed her Father's Houſe, where ſhe had taken Sanctuary, to be beſet with fourteen Dragoons; they ſeized her, and becauſe ſhe would do nothing againſt her Conſcience, he ordered her to be dragg'd to my Houſe, and there to be Servant to the whole Regiment of *Dragoons*, without any body to help her. She was over-whelm'd with ſorrow when ſhe heard of a Command ſo unjuſt, and which expos'd her Honour and Chaſtity to all the ſhameful practiſes of the Dragoons. A *Religious* Perſon and a Friend of mine, to whoſe Family I had done ſome good Offices, as ſoon as he knew of the Miſery ſhe was to endure, immediately ran to *Mr. Chavenon*'s Houſe, and there he ſoon found means to give ſome eaſe to my Wife; for without making her, by any Trick, to ſign or abjure, he ſent the *Count* word, that ſhe had done her *Duty*, as they us'd to ſpeak; upon which

the

the *Count* withdrew the Dragoons, and my Wife came to me. The ſight of her was a mighty Comfort to me. We encouraged each other to Perſeverance, and as a help to it, every day I uſed thoſe Exerciſes of Piety which it had been my Cuſtom to do at *Orange*. At the ſame time I learnt that the *Count de Teſſe* upon the 25*th*. of *November* with his Troops diſlodg'd from *Orange*, and drove before them my *Collegues*, till they came even to the Priſons which are in the *Biſhoprick* of *Valence*; and this was an addition of Grief to me and my Flock.

After I had been Twenty days in my Priſon at *St. Eſprit*, *Mr. De Vermenton*, *Provoſt* of *Valence*, came with an Exempt and his Attendance to remove me to *Pierre-Ciſe*. And I am here obliged to ſay, that of his Profeſſion, there is not ſo gallant a Man. He executes his Orders punctually, but he does it with ſo much kindneſs and compaſſion for thoſe he thinks innocent, that whoever is in his Cuſtody, ſeem as if they enjoy'd their full Liberty. If I had a Vote in the *Chapter*, as they ſay, he ſhould have it to be a *Biſhop*; and there are *Biſhops* which I would Vote to be *Provoſts*, becauſe their inhumanity makes them fit for this Place, and the Goodneſs of *Mr. De Vermenton* makes him worthy of a *Biſhoprick*. Before he would come to me, he ordered that I ſhould be handſomly advertiſed of his Arrival, that ſo I might not be ſurpriz'd. After this, he came where I was, and in the moſt friendly terms in the World; he ſignify'd to me the regret he had that he muſt be forced to remove me. He had ſo much Compaſſion for my ſad condition, after I had ſhew'd him my Body, that Tears fell from his Eyes, and forced him to ſay, he would have given a great deal to have been diſcharg'd from this Commiſſion. Nevertheleſs a Boat was prepared for my removal. All things being ready, they took me out of my Bed, from whence I had not ſtir'd ſince the firſt day they put me in it. God knows what I ſuffered between my Chamber and the Boat, which lay about a quarter of a League off. My Foot-men carried me in a Chair, my Wife and Nephew held up my Legs, and upon the leaſt turning or jogging, I roar'd as if I had been upon the *Wheel*. As I went, I took my leave of *Mr. De Montanegues*, and thanked him for all his kindneſſes. It was very difficult to put me in the Boat: Six Men took me out, as if I had been a dead Gorps, and I was but too ſenſible to feel a thouſand pains. They laid me upon Quilts, after which, ſix Men which Tow'd the Boat began to march. We were ſix days in going to *Anconne*, which is but ſix Leagues from the Bridge of *St. Eſprit*. The North Wind blew ſo violently,

violently, the coldneſs of which brought the *Gout* upon me, which made my whole Body as ſtiff as a Bar of Iron. They kept me upon the Water from break of day, till Ten or Eleven a Clock at Night, which failed not to put me in the moſt pitiful condition that ever poor *Gouty* Man was in. My Tongue to complain, and my Pulſes to let me ſigh, were the only things I had at liberty. They put me to bed in my Cloaths, either upon Straw, or Quilts laid upon the Ground. When we came to *Anconne* *Mr. De Vermenton*, fearing I might dye by the way, would not expoſe me, in purſuing the Voyage. He ſtaid therefore two days, as well in expectation of good Weather, as to let me get a little ſtrength. A great many Perſons of the City of *Montelimard* came to ſee me; theſe good People ſpoke to me only by their Sighs and their Tears, and lift up their Eyes to Heaven to beg of *God*, that he would Revenge the Cruelty which was exerciſed upon me. I ſhould be too tedious, if I ſhould relate all the Diſcourſe I had with theſe good Souls. I told them, that it was a great Glory for me to ſuffer for the Name of *Jeſus Chriſt*, but that my Body made me afraid; and that I feared leſt the exceſs of my pains ſhould make me ſay ſomething contrary to the meaning of my Heart. As to what concerned them, I told them, they ought to conſider with themſelves, and to riſe from their fall by a ſpeedy Repentance, if they would expect Mercy from God. And thus I endeavoured to Edifie my Neighbours in every place as I paſs'd along. In the mean while the Tempeſt ſtill continued, and we had like to have ſeen the *Cardinal De Bouillon*, who came down the *Rhoſne*, to go to his Baniſhment in the Iſles of *Provence*, caſt away. With leave of the *Curate*, the *Provoſt* cauſed to be made on the Sunday a *Litter*, the better to convey me forward. He employ'd Twelve Country-men, who carried me upon their ſhoulders, and all at my Charges and Expences, which ſometimes amounted to four Piſtols a day. The Noiſe that was abroad about me, had drawn a great many People in the way as I paſs'd. The good People of *Dauphine* came in Troops with Tears in their Eyes to ask my Bleſſing, teſtifying by their general regret how much they were troubled with my Miſeries. The *Exempt* beat them back very ſeverely; yet this did not hinder them from coming up to me to kiſs my hands, and ſend their good wiſhes after me. At *Sauſſe* I met with a worthy Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Mr. Du Ferron*, Captain in the Regiment of *Sault*. He came up to me very ingenuouſly, and mightily comforted me by a thouſand pretty things, which he entertain'd me with on the

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Subject of Perſecution. He talk'd to me of the Sermon which the incomparable *Mr. Claude* had publiſh'd upon theſe words *You have not yet reſiſted unto Blood.* He even had that Confidence in me, as to tell me of his deſign of leaving the Kingdom, and that he was now on his way in order to it. God hath bleſt his good Reſolution, and I have had the good Fortune to ſee him again at the *Hague.*

The 10*th.* of *December* I arrived at *Valence,* juſt as it began to be dark; *Mr. De Vermenton* went before to prepare me a Chamber; and his arrival having declar'd mine, I found in the Suburbs a great Multitude of People, and in the firſt Court of the Inn, a great many Perſons of Quality of both Sexes. Some ſaid, Look, here's that Devil, the *Miniſter* of *Orange*; others cry'd, This is the Prince of *Orange*'s Spy; in a word, I heard nothing but Railing and Invectives, which yet did not trouble me much, calling to mind the words of the *Saviour* of the World, *Mat.* 5. 11. *Bleſſed are ye when men ſhall revile you, and ſhall ſay all manner of evil againſt you falſly.* That which I was concern'd for, was, how to get out of my *Litter*; they were above half an hour before they could effect it, not knowing on which ſide to take me, being ſo helpleſs as I was of all the parts of my Body. I beg'd the *Provoſt* to have a little Patience till I recovered my Spirits; and obſerving ſo much fine People round about me, I ſaid, *Ladies,* I beg your Pardon for my rudeneſs, I am not able to lift my Hand to my Cap to ſalute you: Doubtleſs you have heard talk of *Job,* you ſee here his Brother, or Couſin-German. At this the Ladies were touch'd with Pity, and went away haſtily, and I obſerved ſeveral who took out their Handkerchiefs to wipe away their Tears. At laſt they carried me from my *Litter* to a Bed, where they endeavour'd to get off my Cloaths, that I might take ſome Reſt, after ſo many days fatigue, and want of ſleep.

The ſame Night that I arrived at *Valence,* there was a Perſon of worth came to my Bed-ſide. After he had paſs'd ſome Complements upon me, with a voice pretty loud, becauſe he would give no ſuſpicion to the *Exempt,* of whom I have ſpoke, whoſe Name is *Nardouin,* and who never one moment left my Chamber, nor the ſight of me, and who beſides placed Sergeants at the Door as Sentinels Night and Day; this honeſt Man, I ſay, with a low voice told me, that he utterly deteſted the Cruelty and Barbarity which had been practiſed upon me. After that, he drew before me ſo hideous a draught of the ſtate of his Soul ſince his fall, that I was filled with fear; To which he added the Tor-

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ments which he ſuffered as oft as he was forc'd to go to *Maſs*, and the horrors of his Mind when he there beheld the Idolatries they committed. He beg'd me to give him ſome comfort; but alas! I was but in an ill condition to do it. There came ſome other Perſons of Note, who could not forbear weeping, amongſt whom there was a *Marqueſs* of worth, whoſe Name I ſhall conceal, who was going to the place of his Baniſhment, and whom they would not ſuffer to ſpeak to me. This Night I paſs'd mighty unquietly, partly through the terrible pains of the *Gout*, and partly through the grief that they would not let me have the freedom to ſpeak to thoſe about me. The *Exempt* lay in my Chamber, he was the Spy upon all my words and actions, ſo that I had hardly the liberty to complain. The next day the *Provoſt*, who had been conferring with the Biſhop of *Valence*, came into my Chamber to tell me, that he would leave me that day to take my reſt, and that in the mean time he would prepare a Boat. I told him, that I had much rather go in a *Litter*, becauſe I ſhould endure the pains of the *Wheel* in their carrying me to the River-ſide, which was a quarter of a League from my Lodging. He ſeemed to conſent to it, but though I had ſecur'd one for the next day, yet he refuſed to carry me this way. In the mean time, I know not whether it was not from a motive of Compaſſion which made *Mr. De Vermenton* unwilling I ſhould go any further than *Valence*; but this I am ſure of, that he feared exreamly leſt I ſhould dye in his hands. For this Reaſon the two *Phyſicians* of the *Univerſity*, and two *Chirurgions* were ſent to viſit me. They had no ſooner ſeen my miſerable Body, but they turn'd away their Eyes, and lift up their ſhoulders; and when I told them, that theſe were not all my Ills, I was beſides tormented with the Stone. They ſaid, they could not give a judgment concerning that, unleſs they made a ſearch; but however they had already ſeen but too much: And upon this they with-drew. In my Journey my Thigh was unbound, which cauſed me horrible pains; and thoſe of the *Gout* increaſed furiouſly upon me: Yet notwithſtanding this ſad condition, I was impatient to be quickly carried to *Pierre-Ciſe*. I beg'd the *Provoſt* to ſatisfie my deſire, and he promiſed me, that the next Morning we ſhould ſet forward; but inſtead of that, I ſaw coming into my Chamber that Morning the Biſhop of *Valence*. It was eaſie to imagine that there was ſome contrivance laid, which made me ſtand upon my Guard. My Arms were ſo ſtiff through the effects of the *Gout*, that it was impoſſible for me to lift my hand to my Cap to ſalute him. After he was

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ſet by my Bed's-head, he began to tell me, that he was ſorry to ſee me in ſo much trouble, that this ought to make me conſider with my ſelf, that I might not go to *Pierre-Ciſe*, where I ſhould ſuffer much; that I had much better re-unite my ſelf, by which means I ſhould be at eaſe, that the *King* would allow me large *Penſions*; *That his intention was not only upon his own Subjects to re-unite them to the Church, but that his Piety incited him to cauſe all other Proteſtants to enter into the Church*; and that I ſhould be a very proper Perſon to contribute to ſo good a Deſign, and that through my means, there might be a good underſtanding, and that ſome ſatisfaction might be given to *Proteſtants* concerning ſome Points; and that for his part, he would make no ſcruple to conſent to the taking away ſome *Images* out of *Churches*, and that even he had already taken away a great many out of his *Churches*, where very few are ſeen; and that the Cup would be given to the People again. But that it was neceſſary to have ſome conſiderable Man of our Party, who ſhould promote this buſineſs, and that for certain, I was the Man the moſt fit. This in ſubſtance is what this *Prelate* ſaid to me at this firſt interview. To which I anſwer'd, that I thanked him for the Honour he had done me; that as to the Sufferings he mentioned, I was fully reſolved to undergo them; that if I had believed I could have been ſaved in the *Roman* Church, I ſhould never have let my ſelf have been thus tormented for theſe two Months. As for Penſions, through the goodneſs of God I had no need of them; as mean a Gentleman as I was, I had where-withall to live. As for the Praiſes he beſtowed on me, in thinking mē fit to Labour towards a *Reformation*, I was very ſenſible of my own weakneſs; but yet I could willingly ſpend my Blood to effect ſo good a Work: But in the condition Affairs are, there's no likelihood that things ſhould conclude by Lenity and Friendſhip, that are begun by force of Arms; and that therefore I ſhould be extreamly obliged to him, if he would obtain a *Paſs-port* for me to go where Providence ſhould direct me. Do not flatter your ſelf about it, Sir, reply'd he, you are a Priſoner of *State*, and you ought not to expect any *Paſs-port*. It will be thought an Honour if they can make you a *Catholick*. It is very well known that you are cloſely engaged to the *Prince of Orange*, and you'll never be ſuffered to go near him. But pray tell me, ſays he, Do you think it would not be more for your Advantage to ſerve the *King*, than the *Prince of Orange*? Is not he a greater Maſter? I know very well that 'tis your engagement to the Intereſts of that *Prince* which ſticks at

your heart, and that you are afraid to displease him in changing your Religion; but I do assure you, that we have certain News, that he is getting himself instructed. Pardon me Sir, reply'd I, if I tell you, that I do not believe a word on't. I had the happiness to know him in his most tender years, he was then perfectly well instructed, and I doubt not but his Understanding has encreas'd with his Age; and as I am perswaded he hath no scruple of Conscience upon the account of his *Religion*, so neither does he need any further Instruction. You are not the first Sir, who hath told me this News, there are a great many others who publish it, but there are reasons for all this, and 'tis not hard to discover the design for which all these Reports are spread throughout *Europe*. I know that your *King* is a great *King*, but I know also that my *Prince* is a great *Prince*, who hath always done me much good, and honours me with his kindness: and I should be very ungrateful if I did but think of changing my Master. What have I done to deserve to be a Prisoner of State? I have never medl'd with things of this nature; so that Sir, I must once more beg you to procure for me a *Paßport*, or if Mr. *Vermenton* find that I cannot be remov'd, because of my Pains, be pleas'd to let me be put in one of your Prisons with my Brethren. After this discourse, he still very pressingly sollicited me to a change, always offering me both Riches and Honours, to all which I only answer'd him, (that I might rid my hands of him) *That people do not change their Religion as they do their Shirts*, and that I should have time to think on't in my Prison of *Pierre-cise*.

It was by his order that they made a shew of my tarrying in *Valence*, till they receiv'd orders from the Marques *de la Trousse* who commanded in *Dauphine*; they remov'd me to an ordinary House in the City, where I was continually guarded by the *Exempt*, and by *Serjeants*. My dear Brethren, who as yet were not thrown into Dungeons, as afterwards they were, sent to me a trusty person to tell me that they offer'd up their Prayers to God for me, and beg'd that I would pray for them: And I did the same in their behalf.

As they continually consulted in *Valence* to find out some way to make me yield, so they were of opinion that it would be best to take from me, my Wife and my Nephew, and deprive me of all my Servants; they accus'd the two first of encouraging me in my resolution not to change. The *Exempt* it seems had heard us discourse about it; and for the others, they knew that they were absolutely necessary for me, since they only understood how to man-

manage me in my bed, and to ſerve me in all my natural neceſſities. In effect, I was to be dealt with, as if I had been a new-born Infant, and I had rotted in my own filth, if I had been in the hands of other perſons, ſince I could never have endur'd them to have done ſuch vile and unpleaſant work. But they told my Wife and my Nephew that they muſt withdraw, and me they told, that I ſhould have Dragoons or Serjeants to wait on me. This diſcourſe was to me as a mighty clap of Thunder, and diſorder'd me ſo extreamly, that I knew not where I was. I was very well aware that they us'd me after this manner, on purpoſe to reduce me to the laſt extremity, and to throw me into Pains a thouſand times worſe than thoſe of Hell; for if my Servants who were us'd to my Miſeries, could not touch me without cauſing me exceſſive pain, what could I expect from the hands of Dragoons, and Serjeants, people void of Pity and Mercy? My only refuge was Prayers and Tears, and I beg'd God that he would have pity on me, but my Sins were too great to obtain from his aſſiſting Grace what I beg'd of him, having a mind to put on my Cloths to try whether I could endure them when I was to go to *Pierre-ciſe*, as they had given me notice to be ready for that purpoſe, I ſuffer'd ſo much Torments that I let ſlip theſe curſed Words, *Well, I will re-unite my ſelf.* The *Exempt* who was preſent, immediately run to the *Biſhop*, without ſaying a word to me; the Biſhop comes the ſame moment accompanied by the *Provoſt* and ſome other Perſons, and having preſented me with a Paper to ſign, and pronouncing ſome words in *Latin*, which I proteſt I never heard, I refus'd to do it, as I have conſtantly refus'd as oft as I have been ſollicited to it. He told me, that they had acquainted him that I ſaid, *I would re-unite my ſelf*; I anſwer'd him, that it was true, but it was the violent pains I endur'd which forced thoſe words from my Mouth, in the diſtraction of my Mind, and that if I ſhould *re-unite my ſelf*, it would be no great Conqueſt gain'd, ſince the condition he ſaw me in had depriv'd me of my Reaſon. And really, I knew not what I did, my Reaſon was ſo diſorder'd; nay, I had hardly the uſe of my Senſes. I doubt not but the *Biſhop* caus'd to be ſign'd in the Paper, that he had preſented before me the *Provoſt* and ſome other Perſons, as Witneſſes of my pretended *Converſion:* But I appeal particularly to the Conſcience of Mr. *de Vermenton*, whether he ever heard me ſay in the preſence of the ſaid *Biſhop*, that *I would re-unite my ſelf.* And I make the ſame appeal to all the other perſons as to this matter, as I take them for honeſt people, ſo I hope they'l bear witneſs to the *Truth.*

In the mean time let not any believe I ſay this to excuſe my fault. To my ſorrow, I am but too ſenſible that I have faln away, and that the fatal words which I utter'd, have ſeparated me from the external Communion of the true *Church*, till thro' the Mercy of *God*, and the *Miniſtery* of his Servants I ſhall be readmitted. If I had not thought ſo, and if I were not yet of the ſame mind, I ſhould not have ſhed ſo many Tears; on the contrary I ſhould have rejoyced at my ſufferings, and ſhould have thought I might have had a place in the Catalogue of the moſt Illuſtrious *Confeſſors*; But alas! I look upon my ſelf as a cowardly Souldier, *who turn'd my Back in the day of Battle*, and as an unfaithful Servant, who hath betray'd the Intereſts of his Maſter.

Although my fall was after that manner, and of the nature I have been repreſenting, yet the Biſhop of *Valence* did not fail to boaſt of it as a mighty honour to himſelf; he continually talkt of it to all comers and goers, and he writ of it to the *Court*, and triumpht upon it, as the greateſt of his Victories.

But my condition was vaſtly different from his; that which was the ſubject of his Glory was the matter of my Shame; and the Honour he claim'd in perverting me, was an Eternal reaſon for my Sighs and Tears.

Is it poſſible for me to expreſs my grief to that degree I felt it? Is it poſſible for me to deſcribe the ſtate of my Soul in Colours equally black with the ſorrow that overwhelm'd me on that ſad occaſion? Can I tell forth my Groans to all *Europe* with as mournful a Voice as I did the moment immediately after my pronouncing thoſe curſed words?

Whilſt I was in this Affliction, the Biſhop of *Valence* receiv'd Letters from *Court* in anſwer to thoſe he had writ concerning my *pretended* change: He pleas'd himſelf mightily in the *Congratulations* which he receiv'd from the *Archbiſhop* of *Paris*, and Father *la Chaiſe*, upon his imaginary Victory. The Marqueſs *de Louvois* writ to him alſo concerning it; and immediately upon his reception of theſe *Letters* the *Roman* Catholicks publiſh'd in *Valence* that there was a *Penſion* of two thouſand *Livres* ſettl'd upon me. This *Prelate* came to me, and told me, that it now depended only upon my ſelf, whether I would be very happy; that they writ him from *Court*, that I might ask whatever I had a mind to, and it ſhould be granted me. And that the King only wiſht that I would continue a little while at *Valence*. I told him, that I had no occaſion of any thing, and that were I in the greateſt neceſſity, I had rather dye, than it ſhould be ſaid, I ſold my *Religion* and

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Conſcience for Money; that they did me great wrong in detaining me at *Valence*, and that they would be much more juſt in granting me a *Paſs port*. Nay, to try him, I deſir'd him however to procure me leave to go to *Orange*, though in truth I had no great mind to return thither. He told me that with time this laſt might be, as ſoon as I had given any proofs of my Obedience and Fidelity to the *King*; but for a *Paſs port*, I ought not to expect that. And he added, that he obſerv'd me mightily caſt down, and askt me why I was ſo. It ſeems the *Exempt* and *Serjeants* had given him conſtant information, for they had their haunts about the place where I was, and never fail'd every day to give him a faithful account of every thing that paſs'd. How is it poſſible, Sir, ſaid I to him, that I ſhould not be caſt down after having receiv'd and do ſtill receive ſuch cruel uſage? I muſt needs tell you, that I am in continual Tears by reaſon of Torments I ſuffer both in Body and Mind. You fancy that you have gain'd a mighty Victory by thoſe words I ſpoke, but how eaſie is it to triumph over a poor miſerable? Upon this firſt viſit, I was not in circumſtances to let him know more of my Mind. But he made me ſeven other viſits while I ſtay'd at *Valence*, what our Diſcourſes were upon them all, I ſhall here in few words relate.

He was continually telling me, That there was nothing ſo fatal as *Schiſm*, nor no greater bleſſing than a *Re-union*. I told him, 'Twas very true, that *Unity* was a moſt pleaſing thing to *God*, when it could be maintain'd; but that yet we muſt mind what St. *Paul* ſays, who teaches, that we muſt *follow Peace with all men as much as 'tis poſſible*; from which Doctrine we may obſerve, that when the *Unity* endangers our *Salvation*, we are indiſpenſably oblig'd to break it, and that for as much as the ſame *Apoſtle* teaches us, that we muſt not ſo much as eat with *Idolaters*, and that there can be no *agreement between the Temple of God and Idols*. Upon this he began to diſcourſe to me of the *Schiſm* of the *Donatiſts*, but it requir'd not an extraordinary Judgment to perceive that he was but little vers'd in that Hiſtory. I told him that certainly the *Donatiſts* were in the wrong to make a *Schiſm* about a matter of *Diſcipline*; but that our *Reformers* ſeparated about *Eſſential* matters of *Doctrine* and *Worſhip*, as well as about the *Government* of the *Church*, and for this reaſon 'tis impoſſible to make them guilty, unleſs it can be demonſtrated that they have err'd in the truth of their pretenſions. He did not perſue this point very far, and he only told me, that as he had already ſaid, that ſome things might be

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Reformed in the *Church*, and that he eſteemed me a very fit Perſon to aſſiſt in this good work. I do not very well remember how we began to diſcourſe of the preſent *Perſecution*, but I perfectly remember that he ſaid theſe very words to me; *It is believed that the Biſhops are the Authors of the Methods that are now taken for a re-union, but certainly 'tis a great miſtake; we have indeed upon this occaſion, repreſented what we thought our Duty, but 'tis the King's Will, which no body ought to oppoſe.* While he diſcourſed to me on this manner, I lift up my Eyes to Heaven, as aſtoniſh'd to hear a *Biſhop* able to talk ſo directly againſt Truth. In his Diſcourſe he ſeemed to me, as if he had deteſted all Violence, and yet he was no ſooner gone from me, but I heard he was on Horſe-back at the head of the *Dragoons*, going to torment all thoſe in his *Dioceſs*, who would not either *abiure*, or go to *Maſs*. The *Prince* my Maſter, I found, troubled his Mind much; we ſeldom diſcourſed together, but he would tell me, theſe head-ſtrong People ſtill fancy that the Prince of *Orange* will come to their Aſſiſtance; which made me ſay one day to a Friend of mine, that the Name of the *Prince* my Maſter, was as terrible to the Biſhop of *Valence*, as the Drum which was made of the Skin of *Ziska* was heretofore to the Emperors.

At another of our Meetings we fell to diſcourſe about the *Canon* of the *Maſs*; he gave me ſo particular account of it, as if he had believed it the compoſition of Angels. I told him, that to ſpeak truth, there were very good things in't; but yet, that it ſeem'd like a Cloak made of ſo many different pieces, that thoſe who conſidered it throughly, did not ſee thoſe fine things in it which he did. As for Example, Sir, ſaid I, who can endure this paſſage in't, where the *Prieſt* ſays, We preſent to thee this *Sacrifice* in Honour of the Holy *Virgin*, St. *Peter*, St. *Paul*, &c. What, offer to *God* that Blood by which theſe *Saints* were redeem'd, in Honour to them! Is not this eſteeming leſs of the Blood of *Jeſus Chriſt* than of thoſe Saints? All the Anſwer I could get from him was this, *That we ought to underſtand theſe words in the ſenſe of the Church.*

As to *Tranſubſtantiation*, I cited to him that incomparable paſſage of *Theodoret*, which is found in his *Dialogues*; *God does not change the nature of Bread, but adds Grace to Nature.* I quoted it to him in *Greek*. He told me, that heretofore he underſtood this *Language*, but that he had now forgot it. Yes, Sir, ſaid I to him, I do believe it; you have had other buſineſs than to mind your *Grammar*. He acquitted himſelf not much better from what I

ſhewed

ſhewed him in the *Decretals*. He laid much weight upon theſe words, *This is my Body*; telling me, 'twas impoſſible to be deceived in believing what Jeſus Chriſt had ſaid. Upon which I ſhewed him the Explanation which the *Decretals* themſelves give of this paſſage, under the Title of the *Conſecration*. Your *Decretals*, ſaid I to him, ought not to be ſuſpected by you; and theſe words of Jeſus Chriſt, *This is my Body*, they thus explicate: *Cæleſte Sacramentum quod vocatur caro Chriſti dicitur etiam corpus Chriſti, non propriè ſed improprie, non rei veritate, ſed ſignificante myſterio, ita ut is ſit ſenſus, hoc eſt corpus meum, id eſt, ſignificat.*

To this, he alſo gave me the ſame Anſwer, to wit, *That it muſt be underſtood in the ſenſe of the Church.* But ſaid I, Sir, it is in theſe *Decretals* which the *Church* explains her meaning, and ſhe ſays, that we muſt underſtand theſe words, *This is my Body*, not that the Body of *Jeſus Chriſt* is *truly* in the *Sacrament*, but that it is *repreſented* and *ſignified* by the Sacrament.

The Anſwers which this *Prelate* made me, let me clearly ſee, that he had ſtudied more *Politicks* than *Divinity*; that he was more converſant among the leaves in the *Archives* of his *Dioceſs*, that he might increaſe his *Revenues*, than in the Holy *Scriptures*, that he might be *perfect in all good works, and be the man of God*, according to St. *Paul*'s Precept; and in a word, his Mind was more ſet upon the Greatneſs of this *World*, and the Intrigues of the *Court*, than upon the Humility of a true *Biſhop*, or upon the unfolding of the Myſteries of *Religion*.

To perſwade me, that it was Lawful to uſe *Force*, to make *erring* Perſons come into the *Church*, according to that ſaying, *Coge eos intrare, compel them to come in*; which was, it ſeems, much in uſe in thoſe days. He ſent me the two Epiſtles of St. *Auſtin*, which ſome had lately taken the pains to Tranſlate into *French*: The firſt was to *Vincent*, a *Donatiſt* Biſhop; the other was to *Boniface*, *General* of the *Emperor*'s Army. I was prepared to Anſwer theſe two *Epiſtles*, but I was gone ſo far with him, that I prevented his asking my Opinion of them. I had before quoted to him this incomparable paſſage of one of the *Ancients*; *Nova hæc & inaudita prædicatio quæ verberibus fidem ſuadere conatur. This is a new and ſtrange way of Preaching, which goes about to perſwade men into the Myſteries of Religion by blows and ſtripes.* However I had got ready for him ſome paſſages of the ſame *Father*, and was reſolved to tell him, that although St. *Auſtin* was endow'd with a great many rare gifts, that yet, he was but a Man, and for that Reaſon, ſuffered himſelf to be a *Court-Biſhop*. I ſhould be too

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tedious if I related the particulars of all I talk'd of with this *Bishop* concerning *Religion*; I think it sufficient to say, for the Edification of my Neighbour, and my own satisfaction, that since I let slip those rash words, there hath not gone out of my Mouth any that have in the least been against my knowledge, or contrary to the Dictates of my own Conscience; on the contrary, I have endeavoured as much as 'twas possible for me to Edifie the Church of *God*, exhorting all those I met with, either to perseverance, in case they were not yet fallen, or if they were fallen, to rise again by a speedy Repentance: I never omitted the accustomed Exercises of Piety; I prayed with all comers and goers; I sang Psalms with a loud voice; and although they continually told me, if I took not care, I should ruin my self; I answered them, that I would glorifie my *God*, and that Death was far more dear to me than Life. One day the *Bishop* reproach'd me, I answered him briskly, that I should all my Life think my self obliged to thank him, that he could not reasonably speak against my Devotion, seeing he had told all his *Dioceß*, that our Prayers were good, and that there was no fault to be found with our *Psalms*. Two Months and a half I continued in that City with a dejection of Mind not to be conceiv'd. My Thoughts were so taken up, that I scarce was sensible of the pains of my Body, which has almost perswaded me into that Opinion, that pain subsists only in the Thought. The *Bishop's Commissary of War* for the *Province* of *Dauphine* came to see me; he was going to *Orange* to carry 500 *Pistols* to free those *Roman* Catholicks which were poor from Quartering *Souldiers*, by which one may judge at the Expence the *Protestants* have been put to. This *Commissary* offered me Money, for which I did not vouchsafe to thank him. He exhorted me also to write the motives of my *pretended Conversion*, and set before me the Example of the *Minister Vigné*. I told him, I was not such a one as he took me for; that he had forgot the *Dragoons* and *Drummers* which he sent me, whose terrible noise had made me forget my *Latin*; and thus I briskly sent him away, laughing at him and his offers.

And since the mention of this *Commissary* hath brought to my Mind the *Minister Vigne*, I cannot forbear noting here, that this *Apostate* being come to *Valence* to get himself received a *Counsellor* in the *Presidial Court*, came to see me, accompanied by two of the *Bishop* of *Valence* his Men. He came into my Chamber all trembling and pale; I received him very coldly, and after a short discourse of Civility, which he thought fit to make me, I

spoke

ſpoke to him in *Latin*, becauſe there were ſome Perſons I had no mind ſhould underſtand us. I deſired him to tell me, in what condition his *Conſcience* was ſince his *change*: He was extreamly ſurprized at my Queſtion, and ſeemed at a great loſs: But nevertheleſs, after a ſhort ſilence, he anſwered me with a ſtammering voice, that his Conſcience was at reſt; upon which I told him, that mine was in Hell, although I had not done what he had done. I have no quiet Night nor Day, for an ill word which I ſpoke, and yet you ſay, that your Conſcience is in perfect Peace. Ah! Sir, you do not conſider as you ſhould; you had much better confeſs your ſin to *God*, than to withſtand Truth unjuſtly. Says he to me, I am *re-united* to the *Roman* Church, that ſo I may not be guilty of *Schiſm*, which is ſo hurtful to our Salvation: I am *re-united poſitively*, but I am *ſeparated* from her *negatively*. Said I to him, if you were ſpeaking to ſome ignorant *Country-man*, you might throw ſome duſt in his Eyes by this diſtinction, but do you believe me ſo ignorant, as not to underſtand your *Jargoon*? Can you ſay, that you are ſeparated *negatively* from the *Roman* Church, in rejecting the *Doctrine* and *Worſhip* which we diſapprove? Have not you very lately publiſh'd a Letter, directed to your *pretended new Converts*, in which you maintain what you tell me now is not the object of your Faith? Have a care, that in lying to Men, you do not lie to God. In all likelihood he did not expect that I durſt talk to him with ſo much Courage, but that in Policy I would diſſemble with him my Opinions; ſo that he withdrew in ſome confuſion, and went directly to the *Biſhop*'s Houſe, where 'tis very likely he made him a partial recital of our Diſcourſe; but yet the *Biſhop* never took the leaſt notice to me of it.

As ſoon as I was a little recovered from the ſwelling of my Heart, which had almoſt deprived me of the uſe of my Reaſon, I preſumed to write to his *Highneſs*; the Letter was Dated the 12*th*. of *January* 1686, and in that I gave him a ſhort account of all my ſad Adventures. This *Excellent* Maſter had the goodneſs to cauſe *Mr. De Schuylemberg* to write to me, that he was very much concerned at all my Miſeries, and that I ought ſtill to hope that *God* would not forſake me. This Anſwer was a mighty aſſiſtance to me, and contributed much to my Comfort; for as *God* had ſtill deſign'd more Afflictions and Sufferings for me, ſo theſe marks of kindneſs to one ſo unworthy, help mightily to ſupport me in my Combats.

A few days after I had received this Anſwer, the Biſhop of *Valence* made his laſt Viſit to me, and it was very troubleſom: Until then he had never preſs'd me, but then he told me, that I ſeem'd as if I intended to live without the exerciſe of any *Religion*; that I would create to my ſelf troubleſom buſineſſes, for which he was ſorry; but however he was to take care of me, that as I had importuned him, either to procure a *Paſs-port* for me, or leave to go to *Orange*, he had obtain'd leave for me to go to *Romeyer*, which is near *Die*, where there is good Air to recover my Health. I was very ſenſible that he was unwilling to tell me, that this was to be the place of my *Baniſhment*; but yet I was overjoy'd that I was ſuffered to go out of *Valence*, which I eſteemed as *Hell*. And I went away as ſoon as 'twas poſſible, notwithſtanding my pains. But before I left the place, I failed not by this Letter to take my laſt Farewel of my dear *Collegues*.

" I Bid you Farewel, my dear Brethren, if you can yet think " me worthy of ſo Honourable a Relation. I am leaving " this place, which has been ſo fatal to me, and am going to " withdraw my ſelf into a *Deſart*, which I muſt look upon as a " ſort of *Baniſhment*. My Weakneſs and Infirmities have ſepa- " rated me from you, and I am no longer a *Faithful* and *Loyal* " Servant: I already endure the Puniſhment of my Fault even " in this Life, for I am in the moſt Melancholy Circumſtances " which 'tis poſſible for you to imagine. I envy your Bonds, " and I think the duſt of your Feet a thouſand times more wor- " thy to be preſented to *God*, than all my Perſon. Learn by " my ſad Example to be more faithful to him whom you ſerve, " than I have been: This *Divine* Maſter knows what Prayers I " offer up to him for your perſeverance. I beſeech you do not " forget me in yours, which will be of great efficacy in the pre- " ſence of God. I have a greater value for thoſe dark holes " where you are kept, than for the moſt ſtately *Palaces* in the " World. The Prayers of good Men will open them, that you " may enjoy the Fruit due to your *Perſeverance*, and you know " the Bleſſed Recompence which God has prepared for this excel- " lent Vertue. Farewel then, my dear *Brethren*, my Heart with " all its Affections embrace you; and in what part of the World " ſoever *Providence* ſhall diſpoſe of you, I beſeech you publiſh " my Sighs and Tears, that if my fault has ſcandaliz'd the *Church* " of *God*, the Tears of my Repentance may ſerve to Edifie her.

Upon

Upon the ſecond of *March* I arriv'd in that horrid *Deſart* to which I was baniſh'd. Upon the Road I was in great perplexities of Mind. Divers Miniſters who had yielded, ſome through Violence, others moſt willingly, were at *Die*, a Town which I was to paſs through. Is it poſſible, ſaid I to my ſelf, that thou art ſent near ſuch a Neſt of *Apoſtates*, the remembrance of whoſe Crime will continually reproach thee with thy Fault? I made my complaint with ſuch vehemence, that a Gentleman travelling by the *Litter* where I lay, askt one of my Servants whether I was not mad. I will ſay nothing of the Tears which abundance of good people ſhed for me as I went along; I receiv'd from them a thouſand kind wiſhes, for they very well knew the truth of my Heart, and the regret I had for having let ſlip thoſe *Words*. The frightful *Deſart* into which I was baniſht, is a little narrow *Valley*, into which you cannot enter neither, but through the opening of an inacceſſible Rock to the *Weſt* of the ſaid *Valley*. To the *Eaſt* there's a barren Mountain call'd *Glandaſſe*, of ſo prodigious a height, that to arrive at the top of it, it will require three hours time. To the *North*, and to the *South*, there are Hills which are joyn'd by heaps to one another, and which caſt ſuch a ſhadow, and ſo far, that in Winter one can hardly ſee the Sun-ſhine. That which is the only pleaſant thing there, is a little *Brook* which takes its *Source* from the ſaid Mountain of *Glandaſſe*, and by its pretty Murmurs might ſerve to divert the Mind when 'tis free from diſmal Thoughts, which mine was not. Before theſe laſt Revolutions, all the Inhabitants of the three or four *Villages* which are in this *Vale*, were of the *Reform'd* Religion, except two or three Families, which was a great ſatisfaction to me; for while I ſtaied in this place of *Exile* theſe good people came to pray with me, and to comfort me. The News of my arrival in this melancholly abode was no ſooner ſpred in the Neighbourhood, but there reſorted to me people of all ſorts, of each Sex, which ſtole away to ſee me, and to mix their Tears with mine. There came to me ſome from every *Province* thereabouts, and they all aſſur'd me, that my *Fall* was ſo far from giving a *Scandal*, that every body had compaſſion on me, knowing to what a ſad condition they had reduc'd me, and that they pray'd and hoped the example which I had furniſhed the *Church* would be of great *Edification* to her. What Edification ſaid I, can any receive from ſo great a ſinner as I am? I do indeed beſeech God with all the powers of my Soul, that he would pleaſe to give me the grace to glorifie his Name, but I fear the fault I committed,

will keep him from hearing my Prayers. I am firmly reſolv'd rather to dye than make any profeſſion of the *Romiſh* Religion: But alas! what am I? and how do I know but the Torments which they may yet make me endure, may cauſe me once more to *Fall?* I told the *Count de Teſſe* that I would be dragg'd thro' the Streets of *Orange*, and yet I was not as good as my word. What's paſt makes me fear what's to come.

During the five Months that I was in this place of *Baniſhment*, the chief Employment in my Bed of Affliction, was, every day to bath it with my Tears. I never ceas'd praying and ſighing, and afflicting my Soul; and if ſometimes they forced me out of my Bed, and carried me into a Garden, as oft as I ſaw thoſe terrible *Mountains*, I repeated what *David* ſaid in the 121 *Pſalm, I will lift up my eyes unto hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth.*

The Feaſt of *Eaſter* being near, the Biſhop of *Valence* came to *Die*, which is about a League from the place of my Baniſhment, to *Confeſs* and *Communicate* the *pretended new Converts.* I had reaſon to believe he would come and diſquiet me, and accordingly he did not fail; there happen'd to be with me one Mr. *Julian* an *Advocate* of *Die*, and a very honeſt man, and one who hath glorifi'd *God* by his retiring; I intreated him to hide himſelf behind my Bed, that he might have the pleaſure of hearing what I ſaid to the *Biſhop*. He granted my requeſt, and quickly, the *Biſhop* accompanied with a great many *Prieſts*, and ſome *Officers* of the *Army* come in. For half a quarter of an hour our Diſcourſe ran upon things indifferent; but upon his coming up cloſe to my Bed-ſide all the other people withdrew, and putting his head very near mine, he askt me, if I would not think of ſigning the Writing which he had ſhew'd me, and of doing what a good Chriſtian ought to do. I anſwer'd him, that for the Writing I could not ſign it, and to live as a good *Chriſtian*, I ſhould endeavour all the days of my Life. He preſs'd me extreamly. But at laſt I told him for a full anſwer, that I would beg him never more to urge me, and conjur'd him to order the *Curate* of the place not to require me to exerciſe any Act of the *Romiſh* Religion, ſince that being recovered from the diſtraction of my Mind, I was in a condition to ſpeak of my Life.

He appear'd not much troubl'd at this Diſcourſe, he only ſaid, *Well, you'l think on't*, and ſo left me with great Civility. The *Advocate* came out of his ſecret place, and falling upon my Neck, embrac'd me with abundance of Tenderneſs and Tears, telling

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me that my Diſcourſe had extreamly edifi'd him, that he muſt leave me to go to *Die*, where the Biſhop would not fail to report, that I had promis'd him every thing; which accordingly happen'd: For this Biſhop was no ſooner at *Die*, than in the preſence of a great many People, he ſaid, That he came from me, that I was a very honeſt man, that he was pleas'd with my Converſation, and that I had promis'd to Confeſs, and to Communicate. The Advocate who was there preſent while the Biſhop ſaid this, whiſper'd in the Ears of ſome of his Friends; *This is not true I am witneſs of it*; and afterwards unfolded the whole Myſtery, aſſuring them that the Biſhop ſaid all this only to ſeduce them.

The continual troubles of my mind quickly threw me back into the condition I was in at *Valence*. I was ſeiz'd by a violent Feaver, which diſtracted me, yet I was quickly well, without uſing the leaſt Medicine; but though my Body was eas'd, yet my Mind was ſo tormented with ſad Thoughts, which continually prepreſented themſelves to me, that I knew not where I was. It ſeem'd as if God himſelf had imprinted my Sin on my Heart, to make me the more ſenſible of its horrible foulneſs, and to the end that I might run to him by Prayers, Sighs and Tears. I muſt confeſs, that I was forſaken of all Comfort, for I was able oftner than once to ſay with *Job*, c. 3. v. 3, 4. *Let the day periſh wherein I was born, and the night in which it was ſaid, there is a man-Child conceiv'd: Let that day be darkneſs; Let not God regard it from above, neither let the light ſhine upon it.* To this I added, what follows in the ſame Chapter which here I care not to write. To call in the Conſolations of my God, I often repeated theſe words in the 77th *Pſal.* v. 7. 8. *Is his mercy clean gone from us? and is his promiſe come utterly to an end for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious; and will he ſhut up his loving kindneſs in diſpleaſure?* Alas! how often did I ſay, *Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodneſs: according to the multitude of thy mercies, do away mine offences. Caſt me not away from thy preſence; and take not thy holy ſpirit from me. O give the comfort of thy help again; and eſtabliſh me with thy free ſpirit,* Pſal. 51. v. 1, 11, 12. I endeavour'd to moderate my grief by conſidering the difference which St. *Cyprian* made of thoſe who were faln. I knew the *Ancients* diſtinguiſh'd between thoſe which were call'd *Sacrificati*, that is to ſay thoſe who had ſacrificed to *Idols* and *Thurificati*, thoſe who had preſented *Incenſe*, and *Libellatici*, thoſe who gave Money to the Judge, that they might not go into the Temple of the *Idols*, and who afterwards had a certain work to deliver themſelves from the Perſecution by

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cunning ſhift. I very well ſaw that I was of this laſt ſort, but yet this did not ſatisfie me, becauſe I had not the courage to ſuffer Perſecution for the ſake of my *Saviour*, which by the by, I deſire, may be an admonition to thoſe who have eſcap'd it, by any Art whatever, to look upon themſelves as great Sinners. Many may ſay that they have not ſign'd any *Abjuration*, but I deſire them to ask their Conſciences, whether they have done no Action, by which they have deny'd their *Religion*.

I conſider'd with my ſelf the *Fall* of many great men, who yet afterwards glorified *God* by their Repentance. St. *Peter* was the firſt who preſented himſelf to my Imagination: but I found my Infidelity far greater than his. I forgot not the great *Hoſius* who preſided at the Council of *Nice*; the love of his *Sepulchre*, as St. *Hillary* elegantly calls it, meaning his *Body*, grown weak through his great Age, made him ſign the deteſtable Hereſie of *Arius*. But ſaid I, *Hoſius* becauſe of his Age was in a kind of dotage; but thou was in the vigour of thy Mind. *Liberius* came next to my Thoughts, but I perceiv'd it was only the uneaſineſs of *Baniſhment* that made him fall. And that the fears of Death made *Berengarius* as well as *Jerome* of *Prague recant*, as alſo the great *Cranmer* Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*: Although there was no compariſon betwixt theſe great men and me, but inregard of my fault, yet I could not forbear making a parallel of their conduct with mine; for at laſt, ſaid I to my ſelf, all theſe great Lights regain'd their former brightneſs after they had been ſometime obſcur'd: But miſerable that thou art, can thou expect that *God* ſhould raiſe thee, ſeeing thou haſt ſo baſely forſaken him?

In the exerciſe of ſuch thoughts as theſe did I paſs the greateſt part of the time of my *Baniſhment*; they were interrupted by the *Curate* of the place, who came to me about *Whitſontide*, to exhort me by Order of Monſieur *De Valence*, to Communicate. He told me *Eaſter* was paſt, and that it was his Duty to make me this Exhortation, to the end I might do mine. He was accompanied by two or three *Prebends* of *Die*, but they durſt not propoſe this to me, fearing to engage with me. The *Curate* ſeemed much diſturb'd while he ſpoke to me; I thank'd him for the care he took of me, but that my Conſcience forced me to tell him that I was not in a condition to do what he requir'd me; and that I was ſurpriz'd that Monſieur *De Valence* ſhould give him this Commiſſion, ſeeing I had ſo fully informed him of my intentions therein. In good earneſt, Mr. *Curate*, would you oblige a Man to Communicate that does not believe your Myſteries? Hereupon

I made a long diſcourſe to him to let him know the Sentiments of my Soul. When I had ended, he aroſe, and told me, he would never while he lived ſpeak more to me about this Matter, but that he was indiſpenſably obliged to let his Biſhop know all that I had ſaid to him. This *Curate* was a Man of his word, for never ſince, did he ever ſpeak to me of Religion.

Nevertheleſs, with an extream Paſſion I wiſh'd I might glorifie *God*, either by a Retreat, or by Priſon, or by Death, *God* having put it into my Heart, that I muſt ſuffer every thing, rather than defile my ſelf by any act of *Idolatry*. It was upon this conſideration that I writ to the Biſhop of *Valence*, to let him know, that I could no longer live being ſo horribly tormented with the *Stone*. And truly, for ſeveral days I endured the pain of ſuch a ſtoppage of Urine, that I could find no eaſe, till I had voided a Stone as big as a Bean. This *Prelate* never ſaw me but in Bed, which I uſually kept, as well for the eaſe of my Mind, as that of my Body; for when I was up, I was in continual pain. By my Letter I intreated him to get leave for me to go to *Lyons* to be cut. He anſwer'd me very civilly, that with all his Heart he would uſe his endeavour for that as well as for my entire eaſe. He propheſied without thinking on't; for the permiſſion which he obtain'd ſome time after, was the cauſe of my deliverance, by which I was diſcharg'd of a Stone, which I had in my Head, a thouſand times more troubleſom than any that could afflict a Man in that ſtrange Diſtemper. Every day ſeem'd a Year; I waited for this Permiſſion with great impatience, and not hearing any News of it, I again writ to the *Biſhop* to the ſame effect, and after a ſtrange manner aggravated my evil. He got his deſire, and I mine. He delay'd the time, that ſo my pains and anguiſh might determine me to what he wiſh'd; but my thoughts were quite contrary. Therefore while he deferr'd procuring me this ſatisfaction, I endeavour'd by way of *Grenoble*, to find a favourable occaſion to make my eſcape out of the Kingdom. God bleſs'd my Contrivance, and heard my ardent Prayers. There was found for me a Party, which to me ſeemed able enough to execute my Deſign. But when I had made all ready to be Tranſported by Twelve *Peaſants* over the high Mountains, even to the ſide of the *Lizere*, Advice was brought me, that *Grenoble* was full of Dragoons, and ſo that my Deſign was ruin'd. My Affliction was great to have fail'd of my aim: But God, who Rules all things by his wiſe *Providence*, was pleas'd to bar up this way againſt me, that he might open me one more eaſie and commodious. I

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knew not then, that I was under the Guard of the Chief Magiſtrates of the Neighbouring *Corporations*, to whom, it ſeems, the Biſhop of *Valence* had given Order to take care that I made not my eſcape. Infallibly I had been taken, if I had offered to go away without expreſs leave, which a thouſand times has made me adore the *Providence* and favourable Protection of my good *God* over me.

At the beginning of the Month of *July* the Biſhop of *Valence* came into his Dioceſs of *Die*, to bring his People to *Confeſſion* and the *Communion*. A great many *Troops* came before him to uſe *Force* and *Violence* towards thoſe who would not obey him. He was no ſooner come, but he let a Friend of mine know, that he had obtain'd the Permiſſion which I deſired, to go to *Lyons*. As much as I was caſt down by my continual Tears, yet this good News reviv'd me, and I plainly perceived my bodily pains to diminiſh; from whence I infer'd that the great *God* would by this means enable me to gain my end, which through his Aid I have done. But in the midſt of this little Joy, I was ſtill troubled in my Mind, fore-ſeeing that I ſhould meet with furious Attacks from this Biſhop, either to force me to *Sign*, or do ſome other thing againſt my Conſcience. I ſtrengthened my ſelf in the Reſolution that I had made, by the help of my Prayers, my Faſtings, and extraordinary Humiliation to conſent to nothing. Theſe Pious Exerciſes made me a little ſenſible of the Grace of *God*, and the effects of this *Divine* Comforter, which before had withdrawn from my Soul.

But before this Biſhop came to me, to Torment me, he went the Circuit of his *Dioceſs*, where he exerciſed unheard-of Violence to make People *Confeſs* and *Communicate*. The People eſcap'd into the Woods and Mountains; they were purſu'd thither, as if they had been Wild Beaſts; they were knock'd down, bound faſt, and then as quickly as they could were thrown into deep Ditches. In a word, there was nothing heard but Deſolation and Miſery. What *Honour* is this theſe Gentlemen do to their *Religion*, to drag folks to the foot of their *Altar*, and make them Sacrifice to their *Idols*? Heretofore *God* refuſed a *Victim* which went not chearfully to the *Altar*; and can they expect that a Sacrifice made with an ill will by reaſonable Creatures can be pleaſing to him? They ſhall bear this Iniquity, and the great Judge of the Univerſe will not fail to impute this crying ſin to them, and to chaſtiſe theſe horible attempts. The beſt of it is, that Monſieur *De Valence* ſet before the Eyes of theſe good People my Example

Example to induce them to Confeſs, and to Communicate. What, ſays he, are you wiſer than Monſieur *De Chambrun*? He hath done every thing, and why do you refuſe to follow his Pattern? At the ſame time I received from divers places Diſpatches to know how it was. As I was never byaſs'd, ſo I anſwered, that they ſhould take great heed not to give credit to ſuch Diſcourſes; that I was reſolved to die, rather than give them this Scandal; and that they need only to inform themſelves how I had behav'd my ſelf, not to be catch'd with ſuch Cheats as theſe. Good God! what Religion is this? What Biſhops are theſe, that dare add lies to Violence, to deceive poor Innocents? And here, to the Glory of my God, I muſt needs own, that what I did upon this Occaſion was with ſingular Edification, and produc'd abundance of good Effects, becauſe whole Societies or Corporations choſe rather to expoſe themſelves to the Rage and Fury of the Dragoons, than to *Confeſs*, and to *Communicate*.

The *Comptroller* of *Dauphine* about this time came to *Die*, to aſſiſt the Biſhop in this fine *Miſſion*. The laſt preach'd by the Mouth of the Dragoons, and the firſt ſued thoſe who would not obey. Every day I heard that they ſent away Troops of Women and Girles to that cruel Robber, who had committed a thouſand outrages againſt ſo many poor Innocents who paſs'd through his hands while I was at *Valence*. I was told that this *Comptroller* one day as he was at Dinner diſcours'd of me. I am told, ſays he, that this Miniſter which is at *Romeyer*, will do nothing, tho' he has promis'd to Confeſs, and to Communicate, but we'll quickly bring him to Reaſon. He has refuſed two thouſand Livres Penſion; he is very nice, to deſpiſe the Favours of a great King. *Mr. De Vermenton*, who was there alſo at Dinner, began to ſpeak, and told him, Sir, you have him not yet; I have obſerved him till he came at *Valence*, and I am perſwaded, that the extremity in which I ſaw him made him ſay, that he would re-unite himſelf, but that the ſecret meaning of his Heart is quite contrary.

After the *Biſhop* had been the whole Circuit of his *Dioceſs*, he failed not to come and ſee me: He came alone into my Chamber, and began to tell me, that he had obtain'd the Permiſſion which I had ſo much wiſh'd: But before he would give it me, I muſt make my ſelf ready to *Sign*, *Confeſs*, and *Communicate*. I anſwer'd him, that I thank'd him for the care he had taken; but I begg'd him to let me go in Peace to *Lyons* without further preſſing me; that in likelihood I ſhould there die in the Operation of cutting me, and ſo ſhould give him no more trouble. He reply'd,

to me, What, Sir, the King is not to be thus mock'd; I have writ to Court, that you were in good earneſt Converted, and what will they ſay of me, if I do not make you do your Duty? I have cauſed all the *Miniſters* which were at *Die* to *Confeſs and Communicate*, and will you be the ſingular *Huguenot* in *France*? I anſwered him, that I live not by Example. I have no intention to mock or deceive any body; you are too Reaſonable, Sir, to force me to do a thing againſt my Conſcience; I beſeech you let me go to *Lyons*. A little after, he took out of his Pocket a Book, in which the Author had collected ſeveral Paſſages of the Fathers to prove the *real preſence* of the Body of *Jeſus Chriſt* in the *Euchariſt*. There were ſome of St. *Athanaſius*, St. *Cyril*, St. *Ambroſe*, St. *Auguſtine*, and divers others. As faſt as he read them, I immediately gave him an Anſwer to them, but he did not reply the leaſt word to my Anſwers. But he inſiſted particularly on that paſſage of St. *Auſtin*, in his explication of 33 *Pſalm*, according to the *Vulgar* Edition, and the 34 according to the *Hebrew*, where this Father did ſay, *That Jeſus Chriſt did bear or carry himſelf in his hands when he gave his laſt Supper to his Diſciples. Se ipſum ferebat in manibus ſuis.* This paſſage appeared to him unanſwerable. What can be ſaid, ſays he to me, to ſo ſtrong an expreſſion of St. *Auguſtin*? I began to ſmile, and told him, that if I had here my St. *Auguſtin*, I would quicly let him ſee that what he fancied never entred into the mind of that Father. How, ſays he, is your St. *Auguſtin* different from that which is cited here? No, Sir, ſaid I, and you need but turn the leaf to ſee his Opinion. In the Expoſition following he lets us underſtand, that his People were offended at theſe words; which was the reaſon he commented upon them in that place I ſpeak of, and told them, *Se ipſum quodammodo ferebat in manibus ſuis. After a manner*, &c. Well, ſays he, let this paſs. But here are others, to which there is no Reply. He purſu'd reading his Book, without ever giving me any Reply to my Anſwers. He very well ſaw by my manner of acting, that he ſhould not be able to gain any thing upon my Mind; and that all thoſe paſſages which he alledged to me, were not capable to convince me; which obliged him to ſhut his Book, and then he told me, that as a Friend, he would adviſe me to obey the King, if not, ſtrange ill things ſhould be done unto me; after which he embrac'd me, and bid me Farewel. The ſame Evening he ſent Souldiers to the Inhabitants of my Deſart, who committed a thouſand diſorders to force them to do any thing. I concluded that I ſhould be oppreſs'd by them as well as others; but inſtead of theſe troubleſome

ſome Gueſts, the next Morning I ſaw come into my Chamber a *Jeſuite*, ſent by him to endeavour to corrupt me. There came before him a *Canon*, named *Reinaud*, to whom I ſaid ſo many things about Religion, that in all appearance he had given Glory to God in any other time. This *Jeſuite* made himſelf known to me, in making me call to mind ſome Obſervations which I made in one of my Sermons preach'd about *Controverſie*. Do you remember, Sir, ſaid he, the two *Anagrams* upon *Cornelius Janſenius*, and upon *Joannes Calvinus*? I have retain'd them, ſays he. Did not you find in *Cornelius Janſenius, Calvini ſenſus in ore*, and in *Joannes Calvinus, An non es via Lucis?* Yes, Sir, ſaid I, the memory of them is very freſh. Are you the Man with whom I had then to do? Yes, ſays he, I am the very Man, and I come now to offer you my Service. I come to tell you, that Monſier *De Valence* is extream angry with you; he talks of nothing but deep Ditches, or ſending you to *Pierre-Ciſe*. I ſhould be very ſorry that any ill ſhould come to you, for I can aſſure you, that I moſt perfectly Honour you, and that all our *Fathers* have a very particular eſteem for you. Believe me, Sir, and ſuffer not your ſelf to be tormented; you need only make a little Confeſſion to me, and I will ſpeedily go to *Die* and pacifie the Mind of Monſieur *De Valence*. As to the Confeſſion of my ſins, ſaid I to him, I do it every day to my God; and 'tis to him only I ought to do it, according to the Opinion of St. *Chryſoſtom*, in one of his Homelies upon the Epiſtle to *Titus*, where he ſays in Formal Terms, *I do not ask thee that thou ſhouldeſt confeſs thy ſins to me, it is to God alone thou ought to confeſs them.* And you know what St. *Auguſtin* ſays, *Quid mihi cum hominibus ut peccata mea audiant tanquam morbos meos ſanaturi.*

I will not, ſays he, diſpute with you. I know Sir that you are my Maſter. The fear I am in leaſt any ill happen to you, hath brought me hither to conjure you to have pity on your ſelf. I fear nothing, ſaid I to him, I have put my ſelf into the hands of *God*. Let him diſpoſe of me according to his Will. This Jeſuite put himſelf into all ſhapes, and acted all parts to bring me to what he wiſht. He embrac'd me, he ſigh'd, he wept; but all thoſe Artifices were in vain, and he was forced to withdraw without being able to prevail over my Mind; but yet he was not diſcourag'd for all this. The next Morning he came again, and entred my Chamber, all frighted, as if the Dragoons had been at his heels ready to carry me away and load me with Chains. He employ'd all his Eloquence in a lively repreſenta-

tion what would happen to me; nay, he went to my Wife to terrify her by his Diſcourſe, and to ſollicite her to conjure me by her Tears that I would prevent the miſchief that was preparing for me. But he found himſelf every where rejected, ſo that he went away the ſecond time without being able either by his Flatteries or his Threats to make the leaſt impreſſion on my Spirit. News was brought me, that Monſieur *De Valence* was in a great paſſion upon the report this Jeſuite had made to him, and ſaid, he knew not what ſhould hinder him from cauſing me to be thrown into a deep Ditch: that I troubl'd him more than all his Dioceſs: that I might go to the Devil, and that at *Lyons* I ſhould meet with thoſe that durſt talk to me. The next day he caus'd another onſet to be made me, but ſeeing me immoveable, he gave order to one of my friends to tell me, that I might go when I would to *Lyons*, where the Archbiſhop had receiv'd Orders, and ſhould yet receive more, to make me paſs my time uneaſily enough. And here one ought to admire Providence in my behalf, that the Biſhop of *Valence*, who is one of our moſt bitter Perſecutors, ſhould let me go out of his Dioceſs in the manner I did; for night and day I ſaid my Prayers with a loud Voice, and in Company ſung Pſalms, and exhorted every body to perſeverance, and all this too was not unknown to him; beſides that he could never force me to make the leaſt ſtep againſt my Conſcience; and that I ſhould have diſputed againſt him, explicated my Opinions to his *Curate*, to certain *Canons*, and to a Jeſuite; certainly in all this there muſt be ſomething of Divine, and very extraordinary, and hereupon I have often with great diligence try'd to diſcover the ways of God in this Affair. And after I had well conſider'd it, I concluded, that God made uſe of the Vanity of this Biſhop to bring me out of my Miſery. He did write to *Court* that he had converted me. He durſt not contradict himſelf, leaſt he ſhould paſs for a man of little ſenſe; and beſides I verily believe that I hit right of his Thoughts, if I ſay, that he argu'd with himſelf after this manner. *Every body believes that this man is really converted, and I have taken care to ſpread this News throughout the Kingdom; if we throw him into Priſon we give the Lye to what we have publiſh'd; it is better to let him go to* Lyons, *where infallibly he'l dye in the Operation of his cutting, and ſo we ſhall be deliver'd of him, and after his Death, we can ſay of him what we pleaſe.* In all likelihood theſe were his thoughts. But here *God* cries from Heaven, *Your thoughts are not my thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.* The good Prelate could never imagine that I ſhould be able to do what I did;

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he was an Eye-witneſs of all my Miſeries, and he knew that I was rather a dead Carkaſs, than a living Man. He had little reaſon to ſuſpect that which I had ſo vehemently deſir'd in my Heart. But it is thus *God* confounds the Wiſdom of thoſe who think themſelves wiſe.

I had no ſooner the liberty to go to *Lyons*, but I left my Deſart the firſt day of *Auguſt* 1686. carry'd in a *Litter* by twelve Peaſants. The poor people of *Dioſs* came in Crowds to ſee me paſs along the Road. I will not tell here, with how many Bleſſings, and with what Tears I was accompanied. Every where I beheld pale and dejected Looks, which fill'd me full of Compaſſion. I endeavour'd to comfort them by my Prayers, and my Benedictions. My people perceiv'd that I was follow'd from place to place by the *Curates* and other Perſons, who had receiv'd order from Monſieur *De Valence* to watch me upon my way. Near the Town of *Creſt* an honeſt man gave me information, and told me that aſſuredly I would be ſtopt there. Notwithſtanding all I ſtill perſu'd my way without the leaſt fear, and I got ſafe to *Lyons* the fifth of the ſame Month, I took up my Lodging in a great Inn, both to take away all ſuſpition, and alſo the better to perſwade that I was there with a deſign to be cut of the Stone. The next Morning I ſent to look for one call'd *Hermite*, a Chirurgeon for the Stone, to know of him when he could cut me. He view'd my Body, and after he had examin'd it well, he told me it would be very dangerous to perform this Operation in the condition I was in: but that he would conſult of the beſt means to do it. Here it was I met with a very pious Lady, who with me ſhed abundance of Tears. She was juſt upon going for *Geneva*. I had ſo great confidence in her, that I told her my Deſign, and injoyn'd her to beg the Paſtors of *Geneva*, to put up their Prayers to God for me. She took me by the hands, and kiſſing them, ſaid ſhe hoped that theſe ſame hands who had ſo often adminiſtred to her the Seal of Grace and Pardon might yet be imploy'd in giving her the ſame Conſolation. This great Inn where I went to Lodge was not convenient to execut emy deſign; but a private Houſe more convenient, was procur'd for me, where I was no ſooner fixt, but I ſent for the ableſt Phyſitian in *Lyons*, whoſe name is Mr. *Falconnet*, and of whom the Archbiſhop made uſe. I gave him an account of all the Symptoms of my imaginary Evil; he concluded that I had the Stone, but that he muſt alſo ſearch me for the greater certainty. He pitied the condition I was in, and though I was a Stranger to him, yet he was extream-

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ly friendly. He was a man of Learning, and I took great pleaſure in his Converſation. I cannot tell whether it was my illneſs, or ſome obſervation which I made upon the *Greek* and *Latine* Poets, which pleas'd him, and oblig'd him to be much with me. But let it be what it will, he made uſe of all his Skill to give me eaſe, and to pleaſe him; I told him I did find benefit by his Remedies. It happen'd that as he was one day to viſit the *Arch-biſhop*, he told him that he had a Patient who was a ſtranger to him, but a Gentleman in a very bad condition. Without doubt, ſays the *Arch-biſhop*, this muſt be a Miniſter of *Orange*, of whom I have order from Court to look after, and calling to his Secretary, bid him bring his little Box of Papers, where he found the ſaid Order. He communicated it to the Phyſitian on purpoſe that he might tell it me, the ſubſtance of which was, that the Archbiſhop ſhould not let me go from *Lyons*, and that he ſhould take care that I held no *Meeting*; when this was ſignify'd to me, I anſwer'd, that as for holding *Meetings*, my condition would not let me run about the City; and for going from *Lyons*, they need but look upon my Body to be ſatisfy'd in that point. But becauſe I would avoid lying, I reſolv'd not to ſay, that I would not go thence without Order.

In the mean time, finding my ſelf ſo narrowly watcht, I concluded that I ſhould quickly be in *Pierre-ciſe*, if I did not take ſome ſpeedy courſe. I had made a bargain with a Waggoner of *Franche Counté*, who promis'd me for a hundred *Louiſes* he would carry me to *Switzerland* in his Waggon cloath'd like a Peaſant, and as if I was his Servant, and that the Waggon had run over me and broke my Legs. Several of my Friends were againſt this way for two reaſons; the firſt, that I ſhould never be able to endure ſo long a Journey in the Waggon; and the ſecond that being ſo ſtrictly obſerv'd as I was, I ſhould be no ſooner miſt in *Lyons*, but immediately they would diſpatch Meſſengers upon all the great Roads, and that the great diſtance between *Lyons* and *Switzerland* by way of the *Franche Counté*, would undoubtedly cauſe my being taken; and ſo that I ought rather to think of ſome way both quicker and ſhorter. After much thinking, I fancy'd that I ſhould certainly gain my point, if I went out Poſt in a *Callech*, with the attendance of ſome great Lord, my great diſtemper oppos'd this deſign; for indeed it was very plain, that without an extraordinary aſſiſtance from Heaven, I could never ſucceed. Nay, there were ſome that ever laught at me when I propos'd it. But in ſhort, notwithſtanding all their Arguments,

I was ſo well confirm'd in my deſign, that the very ſame day I caus'd a *Calleeh* to be bought for me, and order'd it to come by a private way. I had a mind to try whether I could endure this ſort of travelling, that ſo I might not hazard my ſelf to no purpoſe. I went upon the *Key* by the River ſide, and as ſoon as I perceiv'd *Pierre-ciſe*, where my dear Brethren and Collegues are kept, I could not poſſibly forbear weeping, a whole torrent of Tears fell from me, as well in compaſſion of the ſad condition of perſons ſo dear to me, as at the remembrance of my own fault which deprives me of the ſweet comfort of enjoying the Company of ſuch bleſſed Confeſſors.

If my Nephew had not earneſtly ſollicited me to quit that place, and give ſome intermiſſion to my Tears, I believe I ſhould not have ſtirr'd from thence before night. I had not gone thence thirty paces before an Officer was at my heels, and commanded me to retire home. This accident ſurpriz'd me, and let me ſee that I was narrowly watcht, being I was ſo cloſely follow'd the firſt time of my coming abroad. But indeed my Servants had often told me, that they had obſerv'd certain perſons hovering about my Houſe which they ſuſpected to be Serjeants. This made me tell my Wife, that I was now ſatisfy'd that I had ſpies ſet upon me; but yet that I would ſo well time my buſineſs, that I would ſteal from the ſight of my Guards. And that I might the better ſucceed, I ſent for my Doctor, and told him that my Pains were ſo exceſſive that I could no longer live. He was accompanied by his Son, and the *Operator* who was to ſearch me. This was the fifth of *September* that I endur'd this cruel Operation. The *Operator* could find no Stone, and for his excuſe, pretended that my lying croſs the Bed was not a fit poſture to perform it, and that he muſt ſearch me in a Chair. I beg'd the Doctor to put off this ſecond ſearch to another time; that I had ſuffer'd ſo much in the firſt, that I did not feel my ſelf ſtrong enough to undergo a ſecond, and the ſeaſon in the Month of *October* would be cooler, and ſo more favourable to me. This was approv'd of, and thus I got rid of my Doctor, and my Operator. But this Operation made me endure two terrible nights, yet this did not hinder for putting my Affairs in order to go away the *Sunday* following, which was the eighth of the ſame Month. A particular perſon for whom I ſhall all my life pray, lent me two Footmen, with order to do whatſoever I bid them. He ſet them out very handſomly, and at my own coſt I fitted two others ſuitable to them. The two firſt I thought fit to call *Pariſien* and *Campagne*, and thoſe two

which

which belong'd to me, I nam'd *Flower* and *River*. As for my ſelf, I was in a Suit cover'd with Gold, a Hat edg'd with Gold, a fair Perriwig, and a point of Venize Cravat, with a Scarlet Ribbon. The Horſes that were neceſſary for me, I procur'd and ſent them out of the City, and kept only two for my ſelf and Boy. I fancied that the beſt time I could take would be about ſeven a Clock in the Evening, when every body was taking their pleaſure in walking. My Wife and I pray'd together, and after I had embrac'd her full of Tears, I caus'd my ſelf to be put in my *Callech* which was there ready for me, conjuring her to go away the ſame moment from that Houſe to another I had prepar'd for her. My grief was extream to forſake a perſon ſo dear to me, and who had been ſo great comfort to me in all my Afflictions: but as ſhe could not ride Poſt, as I did, I took care that another party ſhould aſſiſt her, and in a few days to follow me.

At the hour reſolv'd on I began my Journey. I paſs'd quite through that great City in the midſt of an incredible throng of *People*, *Calleches* and *Coaches*, and upon a good round Trot quickly came to the end of the Bridge of *Roſne*, whither a friend had follow'd me at a ſmall diſtance to obſerve whether I was known; but he told me all was well, ſo we ſhak'd hands and bid adieu. At the ſame time I commanded my Footman to mount his Horſe and make the beſt of his way. It was juſt night when I came up to my other Footmen with five Horſes, who waited for me behind the Ruines of a Houſe; they preſently harnaſs'd another Horſe and added him to my *Callech*, and all being mounted, we purſu'd our way with a ſtrange expedition, I was made faſt to my *Callech* with two leather Thongs, which kept me ſo cloſe to my Engine, that it was impoſſible to know that I was indiſpos'd. Order was given to *Pariſien*, who was a witty fellow, always to ride before, and to get the Poſt Horſes ready, and never to ſpeak of any but my *Lord*, who travail'd in great haſt upon urgent Affairs. This little precaution ſucceeded wonderfully. I always found the Horſes ready at my coming to the Stages; I was call'd nothing but my *Lord*. This together with my great Liberality to the Poſtillions, carry'd me with ſuch diligence, that at break of day I arriv'd at the Bridge of *Beauvoiſin*. All that night I employ'd in ſinging the Praiſes of God, I began with the 91 *Pſalm*.

Being come to the Bridge of *Beauvoiſin*, I could get but two Poſt-Horſes; a Courrier that I had met upon the Road, who carried the News of the Creation of *Cardinals*, had taken the reſt.

I found *Parisien* engaged with the Post-Master; I heard him say as I arriv'd, *My Lord will not be thus content; You must find Horses at any rate.* The good Man immediately came up to me, and calling me, *My Lord*, askt my Pardon a thousand times, that he could not presently furnish me with Horses necessary for me; but in a little time I should have enough very fit for my Service. I made as if I was very Angry, and it may be I was so in good earnest, and told him, that the Service of the King ought not thus to be hindred. He begg'd me to walk into a Room, where I might be more at my ease. I briskly answer'd him, that I must go forward. While he was arguing with me, the People of the Town, who began to get out of their Beds, flocked about my *Calleeh*, to make their Observations of it, and my Equipage. They paid abundance of Respect, taking me for a *Lord*. I stir'd my Hat a little to them, and then sat cover'd, letting them stand bare-head, the better to perswade them that I was some great *Lord*. After I had askt something for Breakfast, tho' I had no stomack at all to any, I invited them to drink my Health. I hope I shall be excused, if here I do not relate all the particulars of what I did and said upon this Adventure: Let it suffice to say, that I left the Quality of a *Minister*, to take that of a great Officer of the Army. And truly, my manner of Acting did so well perswade all those sort of People of being such, that those who had the Guard of the Bridge, and the Commissaries of the Custom-House, askt my Nephew, if I did not Command the Regiment of Guards to the Duke of *Savoy*. It may be so, says he to them. Yes, we did think so indeed, reply'd these Commissaries to him; we have seen him pass this way heretofore, he hath good Fortune in his looks. While this Dialogue lasted, I was in great disquiet of Mind, for I had been tarrying there near two hours, and could get no Horses, notwithstanding my earnest pressing for them. But at last they came, and all things being ready, the Postillion turned to me, and askt if I would please to go a good pace; we had need, said I to him, to redeem the Time we have lost. I pass'd the Bridge as quick as could be through the midst of a dozen Souldiers, who were upon the Guard, and who open'd for me to the right, and to the left. The Joy I had to see my self out of a Kingdom, where I had so much suffered, was inconceivable: I rais'd up my Heart to offer my most humble thanks to God, and sang the 125 *Psalm*. But when I thought my self entirely delivered from the hands of my Enemies, there fell out an Accident which I no way expected. At the entry into that

inacceſſable Rock, which a Duke of *Savoy* cauſed to be cut to make a large Paſſage; where one ſees a fine Inſcription, Dedicated to the Glory of that Prince; I found a Guard of ſeven Men; the Poſtillion gave me Notice, that they prepar'd to ſtop me; I bid him puſh on his Horſes, and run over theſe Raſcals: But one of them having preſented his Musket to the Horſes, made one of them riſe upon his hind-legs, and was very near tumbling backwards upon me. I called this Souldier to me, and askt him, why he ſtopt me? He anſwer'd me, that he had Order to let no body paſs without a Paſs-port. How, Raſcal, ſaid I to him, do not I carry it in my looks? Is it thus thou dareſt hinder the King's Buſineſs? As ſoon as I come at *Chambery*, I'le cauſe thee to be thrown into a Ditch. Upon this he put off his Hat, and call'd me *Lord*, and begg'd my Pardon. I preſently found he did not underſtand his Trade, which made me uſe greater Threats to him, telling him, that if I came out, I would run my Sword through him. I askt him who was his Officer, and where he was? He told me, his Name was *Favier*, and that he was in ſuch a piece of Ground, which he ſhewed me, eating of Grapes. He deſerves, ſaid I, to be thrown into a Ditch as well as thou, for leaving his Poſt. Let him be called, and let him come and ſpeak to me. They called him; but whether the Threats that I had made frighted him, I know not, however he was ſatisfied to call out to his People, To let my *Lord* paſs: This word reviv'd my Heart, which before began to grow ſad. It was no ſooner pronounc'd, but I commanded my Poſtillion to make all haſte poſſible. I paſs'd through *Chambery* with all ſpeed, only ſtopt a little to mend my *Callech*. And although I muſt croſs the Country, yet I made uſe of Poſt-Horſes to carry me even to *Geneva*. The bad Ways, and the Precipices which in this Country one meets with, made me go more ſlowly than I deſired, leſt I ſhould be purſued by ſome *Courrier*. Sometimes it was neceſſary to make uſe of the Country Folks to hold up my *Callech* in the ill way, for I had very often liked to have been over-turn'd. But yet notwithſtanding all theſe Toils and Dangers, the great God, who hath viſibly ſuſtain'd me, brought me ſafe to *Geneva* about Six a Clock in the Morning. I was hardly upon the Bridge of *Arve*, but I found my Heart began to melt into Tears for my Deliverance. I began to give Thanks to this Divine *Protector*, in ſinging the 8*th*. Verſe of the 26 *Pſalm*.

And here I cannot omit one Remarkable thing; the very laſt ſtep which the Horſes made after they were within the Inn, one

of

of the ſhafts of my *Callech* broke ſhort in the middle; upon which I made this Reflection, That God, by this ſilent Voice, told me, it was he who had ſuſtained and carried me in his Hands, ſince there was much more likelihood, that this Accident ſhould have happened in the midſt of Rocks and Precipices. I reflected alſo, how weary all my People were, and yet that I was as freſh as when I left *Lyons*, notwithſtanding all my indiſpoſitions. For this I rendred my hearty thanks to God, as well as for the Deliverance he had given me.

Though I had taken great care to be private here, yet the noiſe of my Arrival was quickly ſpread all over *Geneva*. They came in Crouds to Congratulate my Eſcape.

Amongſt all the Conſolations which I received at *Geneva*, I ought to reckon that which I had by Communicating the next Sunday after my Arrival, as the greateſt and moſt efficacious. But before I did this, I preſented my ſelf before four of the Faithful Servants of God, to whom I opened my whole Heart, and by my Tears gave them ſo many marks of my Repentance, that they could not forbear mixing ſome of theirs with mine. I was admitted to the Communion of the *Church* by theſe four Excellent Perſons. The Dean, whom I eſteem as my Father, made a Prayer ſo ardent, and ſo ſenſible, and directed a Diſcourſe to me ſo piercing, that I believe I ſhall never receive that Pleaſure and Comfort which I did at that time. The Thurſday before the Communion I was carried into the Temple of *Magdalen*. To tell the raviſhing Joy I had at my entring into this Holy Place is impoſſible. I was very ſenſible of it, but I cannot expreſs it. According to their ordinary courſe they ſung the 86 *Pſalm*. It ſuited ſo exactly to my Condition, that I thought the Paſtor had choſen it on purpoſe to comfort me. There was not one Verſe which I did not apply to my ſelf; and I ſhed ſo many Tears in ſinging it, that all thoſe who ſaw me, wept with me, as they have often acknowledged to me. It was in the Temple of St. *Peter* that I receiv'd the Communion. I hope I communicated worthily, ſince I preſented to God *a broken and a contrite heart*, *Pſal.* 51. which, according to holy *David*, is the Sacrifice which God requires of us.

After I had rendred to God part of thoſe Acknowledgments I owe him, in order to the making my Peace with him, I thought I was indiſpenſibly obliged to give notice to the Prince my Maſter of my Eſcape. Here follows that Letter which I took the freedom to write to him.

SIR,

" THE Compaſſion which your *Royal Highneſs* was pleaſed " to take of all my Miſeries, and the goodneſs with which " you gave me aſſurance of it by *Mr. Schulemburg*, makes me pre- " ſume to acquaint you with ſome good News. I am, Sir, by " the Grace of God, delivered from my Slavery and hard Ser- " vitude; for by a ſtrange Miracle I find my ſelf among my " Brethren in the City of *Geneva*. But before I relate my eſcape " to your *Royal Highneſs*, I moſt humbly beſeech you to permit " me in few words to give you an Account of what paſt con- " cerning me, ſince my unhappy *Fall*. In the Letter which I " took the Liberty to write you in that time, I acquainted you " that I was ſtill detain'd in the City of *Valence*, where they kept " me for the ſpace of two Months and a half, though they would " perſwade me that I had my full Liberty. During this, the Bi- " ſhop viſited me eight times. I always let him know that he had " made no great Conqueſt; that my great Infirmities were the " cauſe of thoſe words which fell from me, and that Day and " Night I wept for the fault I had committed; I pray'd him not " to preſs me to any Profeſſion of the *Roman* Religion; for be- " ing delivered from my Weakneſſes, I was a Man that could " ſpeak for my ſelf. We often diſputed together; and on theſe " Occaſions I was very ſenſible of the Divine Aſſiſtance to main- " tain the Truth I had preach'd. In one of his Viſits he ſhewed " me a Letter, in which Monſieur *De Louvoy* writ him, that I " ſhould be allowed a Penſion of two Thouſand *Livres*, if I would " give any aſſurance of Fidelity to the *King*. I Anſwer'd him " couragiouſly, that I had rather feed upon Graſs, than accept " of any Penſion; and that I would chuſe rather to die, than " be thought a Man, who like ſo many others, had ſold his Re- " ligion and his Conſcience; that as mean a Man as I was, I had " enough to keep me, and ſo thanked him for the kindneſs he " thought to do me. It would be too tedious to tell your *Royal* " *Highneſs* all that paſt in our other Converſation, and common " Prudence will not let me commit to Paper many things which " I may tell your *Royal Highneſs*, if *God* gives me leave, as with " Paſſion I wiſh it, to come near your Sacred Perſon. At the " end of two Months and a half, they put me in a frightful *De-* " *ſart*, ſtill telling me that I enjoy'd my full Liberty. It was here " I lived five full Months, feeding upon my Sighs and Tears. Af- " ter I had been there a Month, the ſame Biſhop came to ſee

" me,

" me, and feigning my ſelf grievouſly troubled with the Stone,
" I beg'd him to get leave for me to go to *Lyons* to be cut. He
" delay'd me with fair Promiſes for four Months, but at laſt wea-
" ried with my importunity, he writ to Court, and was anſwer'd,
" that they might let me go to *Lyons* to be cut of the Stone, but
" charged him to take care how I behaved my ſelf there. As I
" was preparing my ſelf for my Journey, he came once more
" into his Dioceſs of *Die*, to Confeſs and Communicate thoſe
" which were called *New Converts*. And he came again to my
" *Deſart*, to exhort me to do my *Duty*, as they call it. He br ught
" along with him a Book newly compoſed to ſupport by the Au-
" thority of the Fathers, their Doctrine of *Tranſubſtantiation*. As
" faſt as he read the paſſages to me, I anſwer'd them, ſo that ſee-
" ing me reſolv'd to do nothing of all that he requir'd of me, he
" ſent to me ſome Jeſuits and other Eccleſiaſticks, whoſe Labours
" prevail'd as little upon my Mind, as he had done. This vext
" him ſo extreamly, that he threatned me ſeverely, and ſpoke of
" nothing but throwing me in a Ditch, and by way of Favour,
" into *Pierre-ciſe*. But yet notwithſtanding all his Anger, I left
" my Deſart, and went to *Lyons*; whether he caus'd me to be
" follow'd and watch'd by his Curates and other Perſons. I was
" no ſooner arriv'd there, but I ſent for, and conſulted the a-
" bleſt *Phyſicians* and *Operators* about the beſt means to cut me. I
" ſuffer'd them even with their Inſtruments to ſearch me; and
" the Phyſicians having acquainted the Archbiſhop with my piti-
" ful condition, he ſent me word that he had orders to obſerve
" my Actions, and that I ſhould take heed not to hold any *Meet-*
" *ing* at *Lyons*; this did not hinder me from thinking of my e-
" ſcape. And the great God heard my Prayers, and put a con-
" trivance into my head, how to be deliver'd from my ſevere cap-
" tivity, which one day I hope to relate to your *Royal Highneſs*.
" But, Sir, that a man depriv'd of the uſe of his Limbs, continu-
" ally watch'd by Officers, ſhould yet get out of *Lyons*, and ar-
" rive at *Geneva*, by ways through Rocks, and in the ſight of
" Guards, in two days time, add to this, that he ſhould be able
" to endure the fatigue of riding Poſt in a *Callech*, and tire four
" Servants well fitted, and ſhould never meet with one Soul that
" ſo much as askt *Whither goes thou?* except at one place where I
" was ſtopt ſome few minutes, and from whence I clear'd my
" ſelf by perſonnating a reſolute Man of Honour; and that they
" ſhould every where take me for ſome great Officer; and that I
" ſhould be able to hide my Illneſs and Diſtempers, and never

" come

" come out of my *Callech*; this doubtleſs will appear like a Fable " to all *Europe*; but as for my own part, I ſhall look upon't as " the work of the great God, who hath given his Holy Angels " charge to bear me up in their Hands. This, Sir, is a ſhort A- " bridgment of my Hiſtory; I expected when I ſhould come in- " to another Country to be regarded as a Dog for my *falling* away. " But God who hath without doubt had Mercy on me, hath or- " der'd things quite otherwiſe; I can aſſure your *Royal Highneſs*, " that I have been receiv'd in this City, as if I were an Angel " from Heaven. Nay, I am very much troubl'd with People " who come in great numbers to ſhed Tears of Joy for my Deli- " verance; inſomuch, that the firſt *Syndic* hath earneſtly preſs'd " me to Lodge in his Houſe, but for ſeveral reaſons I have refus'd " it, and acknowledge to him that I was very ſenſible it was for " the ſake of my *Great Maſter* he was deſirous to do me this honour, " and aſſured him I would not fail to let him know it. But, Sir, " this is not all, for within two days after my Arrival, the news " of it was ſpread all over *Switzerland*, and continually I receiv'd " from thence Letters of welcome: And that which fills up the " meaſure of my Joy, is to hear that, your *Royal Highneſs* is pleas'd " with my Eſcape. But as there is nothing which I wiſh, with " greater paſſion, than to be near your Perſon, and that methinks " I ſhould then be content to die, if once God would pleaſe to " let me behold him whom I moſt Love, Reſpect and Honour in " the World; but then on the other ſide as my unhappy fall makes " me dread appearing before my *Great Maſter*, ſo I ſhall wait for " the Orders which you will pleaſe to ſend me, before I dare " begin my Journey. I hope, Sir, and this hope is my comfort " in the midſt of my great Affliction, that you who are ſo bright " an Image of *God* upon Earth, as well by your *Greatneſs*, as by " your *Piety*, will ſhew Mercy to your Servant; as I am per- " ſwaded God himſelf has done to me. For this reaſon, I throw " my ſelf into the Arms of your *Royal Highneſſes* Goodneſs and " Charity, from whence I hope for all the Favour imaginable, " being aſſured that you are throughly convinc't that there is not " any of your Subjects, or Servants, who is with greater Obligation " and Veneration, than

S I R,

Your Highneſſes
Moſt humble and moſt Obedient
Servant and faithful Subject,
J. P. De Chambrun.

With-

Within a few days after my arrival at *Geneva*, I receiv'd abundance of Letters of Congratulation, which persons of great Merit did me the honour to write me. I could produce divers of them, which would not be a little for the Edification of the World, if I had not some good reasons which hinder me to publish them. Several fugitive Pastors dispers'd in *Switzerland* did me the honour in person to come and rejoyce with me. All this did but renew my Tears, for I think my self unworthy of so much goodness as was shewn to me. But the Charity of these good Servants of God extended a great deal farther; for as I signified to them, that there was nothing I desir'd more earnestly than to be restor'd to the Holy Ministry from whence through my fault I was faln, so there were some of remarkable Merit, who maintain'd, that as I had neither sign'd, nor exercis'd any Act in the *Romish* Religion, so that they judg'd that I was not so faln, but that I might perform my Ministry, without being re-establish'd; and that I might without the least scruple do my function whenever God was pleas'd to give me opportunity: nevertheless, I was not satisfy'd with this, but told them, that I perceiv'd by this, they design'd to comfort me, and conjur'd them not to flatter me in my Sin; and that I had need of being more humbled by their Reproaches for my horrible Cowardice; and that far from extenuating my Crime, they ought rather to aggravate it. *Let the Righteous*, said I, *Psal.* 141. 5. *Smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent Oyl, which shall not break my head.* Upon this they all appointed a general Meeting, where I appear'd before them, and where I spoke more by my Tears, and my Sighs, than by my Words. I made them a short relation of all my sad misfortunes, and of all that I could remember, that I either did or said during my Captivity; and beg'd them to make an exact enquiry into all, as well for the Edification of the Church of God, as for my own Comfort and Satisfaction; and in a word, I assur'd them, that if my weak condition would allow me to cast my self to the ground, I would there humble my self in Dust, and of God ask pardon for my Sin, and of the whole Church pardon for the scandal I have given. After the Formalities usual upon these occasions were perform'd, I was re-establish'd in the honour of the Holy Ministry.

The support and Charity of my Brethren was a very great comfort to me: I thought my self quite another man after this re-establishment; yet nevertheless I found my Soul continually to groan under the heavy burden of my Sin; and I was also now tor-

tormented with the fear left my Wife ſhould be taken, ſhe was to have follow'd me in a few days, and yet there were ſeveral gone, and did not ſo much as hear that ſhe was ready to come away from *Lyons*, a little to divert my Grief, and to pay my Duty to the *Count De Dona*: I made ſome little Journies to *Copet*, where I was by this Illuſtrious Lord and his Lady, receiv'd with all the kindneſs and marks of good Will, that it is poſſible to imagine; this *Lord*, whoſe Anceſtors from Father to Son have always ſhew'd great favour to my Family, omitted nothing that he thought would comfort me in this my extream Affliction; for I was no ſooner in his Preſence, but a flood of Tears hindred me at the firſt ſight of him, to give him that reſpect which is owing to his rare Virtues and Merits. It was at his Houſe I receiv'd the anſwer of the Letter which I writ to his *Royal Highneſs*: Monſieur *De Schulemberg* ſent me word, that the Prince was extream joyful at my eſcape, that I ſhould immediately come away for *Holland*; and that orders were given at *Geneva* to furniſh me with all things that ſhould be neceſſary. And indeed, this great Maſter hath ſhew'd ſo much goodneſs to me, that it is through his generous Liberality, that I have been able to bear the exceſſive Charge which I was forc'd to be at, in getting my Wife from *Lyons*, and my ſelf to be near his Perſon, in purſuance of the command which he ſent me.

At my return from this little Journey to *Copet*, I found at *Geneva* divers Letters from *France*, in which Perſons of great worth rejoyced with me at my happy eſcape. They alſo let me know how glad an infinite of good Souls were at this News, and what grief my Perſecutors had, that I ſhould ſteal from them in their very ſight. They alſo acquainted me with the Diſcourſe that was among the *great ones* upon this occaſion; and yet after this manner ſome of them reaſon'd. " Who would ever have thought " that ſo lame and weak a man in his Body, would have under- " taken to run away, or that he had the courage to expoſe him- " ſelf ſo ſtrangely as he has done? In all likelihood there is ſome " Secret in this matter; without doubt 'tis the *Prince of Orange*, " who hath caus'd him to eſcape, and with a great expence of " Money has corrupted the *Guards*. The greateſt occaſion which I found in theſe Letters to rejoyce at, was the good effect which my eſcape has produced; for this has not only awak'd ſome Minds which before ſeem'd to be aſleep, but in imitation of me, the moſt fearful Perſons have had Courage enough to fly the Kingdom.

But whilſt I was buſie in anſwering ſo many Letters, I receiv'd, divers from my Wife, which much afflicted me; ſhe gave me notice that thoſe ſhe had agreed with, prov'd unfaithful to her; that the Captain of that Quarter, at midnight entred the Houſe where ſhe was with an intention to ſeize her; and that ſhe ſav'd her ſelf from him, in hiding her ſelf in a Pile of Faggots: But that ſhe was yet in great fear that ſhe ſhould fall into the hands of thoſe he employs to perſecute us; becauſe it was known that ſhe lay hid in *Lyons*. I neglected nothing to get her out of the Danger to which ſhe was expos'd; and at laſt I thought I had met with a ſafe convenience to bring her to *Geneva*; but ſhe fell into the hands of diſhoneſt People, where ſhe narrowly eſcap'd Ruin. In the Night, after they had travel'd two hours from *Lyons*, her Guides forſook her and three Ladies, who were in her Company and Deſign. Theſe poor Creatures were nine days going from *Lyons* to *Geneva*, endur'd the rigour of the Winter, walk'd in Snow, upon the Ice, and over Mountains, waited for by thirty armed Peaſants at certain paſſages, and cloſely purſued by an Officer, her Companions ſeeing themſelves beſet with ſuch Dangers, would fain have return'd back to *Lyons*; but ſhe couragiouſly oppos'd them, declaring to them, that ſhe had much rather periſh than go back; for which reſolution, ſhe has had from theſe *Ladies* a thouſand Praiſes and Thanks, after their arrival at *Geneva*. I had notice from *Lyons* of the day of her coming away; her tarrying ſo long made me believe ſhe was taken, which infinitely afflicted me, thinking that if this misfortune was befaln her, that they would uſe her cruelly upon my account. But this great *God* who hath every way comforted me, hath reſtor'd her to me, even then when I concluded ſhe was loſt; for the very minute when they were a ſhutting the Gates, which was the laſt day of the year 1686. a Souldier of the *Garriſon* came in all haſt, and brought me the news of her Arrival, and the next moment I ſaw her at my bed-ſide, where my illneſs kept me. Our Joy was extream, and we immediately gave ſolemn Thanks to this great *God*, who to our mutual comfort hath ſo mightily aſſiſted and bleſt us.

After this unhop'd for happineſs, I thought of nothing but my Journey for *Holland*; I ſet forward the firſt of *February* the year following, notwithſtanding the rigour of the Seaſon, but the abundance of Snow, and the earneſt Sollicitations of the *Count De Dona* and his *Counteſs*, ſtaid us at *Copet*, where I and my Wife were receiv'd with a thouſand marks of Kindneſs by theſe Illuſtrious Perſons. From the Windows of this agreeable Seat I could

divert my ſight upon the *Lake Leman*, and upon the inacceſſible Rocks of the *Alpes*, which brought to my remembrance the Poem of *Beza*, which is found at the head of ſome of our Pſalms; for every day I heard the poor Fugitives, as they paſs'd upon the *Lake*, ſinging Pſalms to their God, which reſounded to the Banks, and eccho'd into the midſt of theſe horned Rocks. Methought I heard the Quire of *Angels*, which is repreſented to us in the *Revelations*, ſinging *Allelujahs*, which even pierc'd Heaven, giving thanks to *God* for the deliverance of theſe poor Fugitives, and begging that his gracious Protection might accompany them whetherſoever it pleas'd his good Providence to direct them. I purſu'd my way by *Lauſane*, where I met with a great number of Illuſtrious *Fugitives*, and with whom I mixt my Tears; and I was receiv'd with ſo great kindneſs by the renown'd Family of *Chabot Chandieu*, and by Mr. *Du Vernan*, ſo celebrated for his Zeal, his Piety, and his rare Merit, that I ſhall eternally preſerve the Memory of it.

In all the Cities of *Switzerland* and *Germany* I was moſt kindly entertain'd. I no ſooner ſhew'd the Paſs-port of the *Prince* my Maſter, but they offer'd me a thouſand Services, and I had ſo much honour done me, that I was even aſham'd; but there happen'd to me in this long and tedious Journey a very ſad accident, as I was laid in the *Horſe-Litter*, which was the only way I could endure to travel; one of the Horſes fell, and I fell with ſo great Violence upon my Face, that I remain'd as Dead; all my Body was ſo bruis'd with this fall, and the Nerves of my Legs and my Arms ſo very much hurt, that the pains which I felt differ'd but little from thoſe of the *Rack*. Nevertheleſs the impatience that I was in to be at the *Hague*, would not let me looſe one day, and the eight and twentieth day of *March* I arriv'd there, whether *God* hath viſibly by his good Providence conducted me.

FINIS.